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## EUROPEAN EXPANSION IN ASIA.

Europeans have trebled in numbers during the past century and will probably treble again during the present century. These are the facts of far-reaching import which the eminent statistician, Sir Robert Giffen, announced at the last meeting of the British Association; and what this immense growth of Europeans means for Asiatics it is worth our while, as the greatest Asiatic Power, to study.

The growth of the European population (including that of the United States of America, but excluding that of South American countries and Mexico) was from 170 millions at the commencement of last century to 510 millions at the end. The population of the United States increased from a little over 5 to 80 millions. The English population of the British Empire increased from 15 to 55 millions. The population of Germany increased from 20 to 55 millions; that of Russia from 40 to 135 millions; and that of France from 25 to 40 millions.

Besides this fact of the growth of the European, there is a connected fact which bears with almost equal weight upon the problem of the relation of Europe and Asia.

With a population which not only increases in numbers [says Sir R. Gif-

fen], but which year by year becomes increasingly richer per head, the consuming power of the population increases with enormous rapidity and must be satisfied, if at all, by foreign imports of food and raw materials. There is no other means of satisfaction.

The increase of the population has not meant that the individuals comprising it have in consequence grown poorer; for the aggregate wealth has increased even faster than the aggregate population, and consequently the average individual is richer at the end of the century than he was at the beginning. His wants are increasing. He is not satisfied with what was once sufficient for him. A thousand years ago most Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen or Russians would have been content with a rough hut for shelter, a few skins wherewith to clothe themselves, and a mess of porridge, with a little game from the forests, to eat. Even a century ago they had fewer wants than they have to-day. The houses, the clothes, the food which satisfied them at the commencement of last century do not satisfy them now. A comparison of the accommodation provided for servants in the poky little rooms of old London houses with the accommodation provided for them now will give some

idea of the difference in living which a century has produced; and from the window of a railway carriage running through France, England and most other European countries can be seen superior new cottages in the country and new rows of houses in the town rising up in thousands to take the place of the low, cramped habitations of the past. And most, even middle-aged, men can notice a rise in the style of living of the population generally; how much better furnished the houses now are, and how both the diet of the people and their clothing have improved in quantity as well as variety. The whole standard of living of Europeans, and still more of Americans, has risen and is rising, and their wants have vastly increased, till what were before considered luxuries are now becoming necessities.

Now all these increasing and varied necessities of present-day civilization cannot be obtained in Europe itself, nor even within the limits of the United States. It is a well-known fact that the countries of Europe are unable to supply their rapidly augmenting population with even the barest necessities of existence, much less the luxuries. Sir R. Giffen, after giving statistics of the imports of food and raw materials into the chief countries of Europe, says: "The inference seems undeniable, then, that the Continental countries named, especially Germany, have largely increased their imports of food and raw materials of recent years—that is, have become increasingly dependent on foreign and over-sea supplies." The tendency is for each country to direct its attention to producing only that which it can produce with special advantage, and to look to exchanging its own special products for the special products of other countries. More especially of moment to the present study is the fact that one and all of these European countries have need to

obtain the products of the tropics, which they do by purchasing them with the manufactures which for one reason or other they can turn out more cheaply in Europe than in the tropics. The numerous and rich European population must have cotton, silk, tea, coffee, rice, tobacco, pepper, jute, etc. All these necessities of existence are obtained in the tropics only; and it is from Asia, especially from the great plains of India and China, that they as well as the further supplies of wheat required for the European consumers, are most easily and most abundantly obtained. Hence the impulse of Europeans towards Asia.

And it is important that we should clearly understand that the search for tropical products is the great compelling cause of the European impulse to Asia; because in many minds there is still an idea that Europeans go there for settlement, and these think that as experience has proved that Europeans cannot settle in tropical Asia as they can, for instance, in the United States, therefore they will soon retire from Asia. It is, however, only in a small degree that Europeans go to Asia for settlement, to live there for good, and to rear children, generation by generation. In the northern regions a few millions of Russians settle down and colonize; but the surplus population of Europe go for the most part to America and Australia for purposes of settlement; and the Europeans that go to Asia go there chiefly for trade—to obtain the tropical products which are so necessary an accompaniment of modern civilization. Until this point is thoroughly realized the real cause of the expansion of some European countries will never be understood.

Consider for a moment the case of France. Her population for some years has been nearly stationary; and yet she not only clings to her existing possessions in Asia, but is ever seeking to

extend her influence. She holds Tonking and Indo-China, but she never ceases her efforts to acquire influence in Siam, Yunnan, Szechuen and the country behind Canton; and if the British had not forestalled her she would by now have had Burma under her control. Why is this? Not because she wants more countries upon which to dump down her surplus population; but because her population though stationary is rich and growing richer; because the standard of living of the people is rising and their needs consequently increasing; because they want to buy tropical products with products of home industry; and because they know that they can purchase those products more easily and more advantageously in a market under their own particular control than they can in a market under the control of some one else. The French could never have hoped to use India as a settlement for surplus population, but they struggled with the British for mastery there because they instinctively felt that they could trade with India much more advantageously if it were under their control than they could if it were under British control. And they were right. Though India is nominally as freely open to French trade as it is to British trade, yet, as a matter of fact, five times as much of the products of India go to Great Britain as go to France. This would never have been the case if the French had beaten us instead of our beating them in the struggle for supremacy in India. Their anxiety to gain exclusive control in other markets can therefore be well understood.

Take, again, our own case. Our population certainly is increasing, but we do not send our surplus population to settle in India, because, in the first place, India is nearly full already with a population of its own; and because, in the second place, the tropical climate is not suitable for the permanent set-

tlement of people of our race and for the rearing and bringing up of English children. Furthermore, it is an established fact that white races and colored races do not work well together. Whenever they try to labor in the same field the white man either becomes master and simply superintends the colored laboring man; or if he cannot do that he sulks, becomes lazy and degenerates. Consequently our main surplus population goes to America and to our colonies in the temperate zone; and when we go to India and other parts of Asia we go there not for settlement but to obtain tropical products.

Russia is the only European country which sends any surplus population to Asia for settlement, and these spread in a loose way over Northern Asia, where the climate is temperate and suitable for colonization by Europeans, and where there are few Asiatics already in possession. In all other cases Europeans go to Asia not to settle but rather to trade. Here then is one of the great generative forces which impel Europeans to expand over Asia. It is not the only one; for besides being impelled there by the necessity to find food and raiment for the body, they are also driven there by more spiritual impulses. But it is the one on which we have to fix our minds in the present study.

Now, if Europeans (in which term are included the people of the United States) are strongly impelled towards Asia at the commencement of this century, with how much greater force will they be impelled thither at its close? Sir R. Gliffen has carefully examined the rates of increase of the population of the several countries of Europe and America, and he comes to the conclusion that increase from the present 510 millions "to at least 1,500 millions during the century now beginning, unless some great change should occur, would appear not improbable." Europeans

trebled in numbers during last century, and there is as yet no sign that they will not treble again during the present century. At any rate, they will enormously increase in numbers. It is no less certain that they will greatly increase in wealth. Once the ball of wealth is set a-rolling it increases by going.

The standard of living has been steadily rising, and there is nothing to show that it will cease to rise during the present century. If this is so there will be a still greater demand for the tropical products of Asia. More cotton and silk will be required for clothing and furniture; more tea and coffee and sugar for our meals; more tobacco to smoke; and as the fields of Europe become built over by the spreading towns, more wheat will be wanted from outside to supply the very foundation of our diet.

And as the demand increases the efforts of Europeans to satisfy it redoubles. A century ago slowly sailing ships were considered sufficiently suitable means of transport for conveying the products of Asia to Europe. They would take five or six months to reach India and more still to reach China. Now steamers perform the journey in half that number of weeks. Where the Isthmus of Suez opposed a barrier to direct intercourse by sea a canal has been dug to let ships through. Railways have been run into the interior of Asia to facilitate the transport of products. The Russians have constructed one railway right across the breadth of Asia and another into the heart of Turkestan, thus connecting the whole of the northern portion with Europe. The British have built 23,000 miles of railway in the Indian Peninsula, making the remotest parts accessible. France has run a railway into Tonking. Germany has just begun to push a railway into China. And under the influence or guidance of Europeans

railways have been constructed in other parts of China, in Japan, in Siam and in Asia Minor.

Europeans are therefore every year being brought nearer to Asia and in closer contact with Asiatics. And whereas a century ago Europeans only touched Asia on the west, they are now in position on the east as well, in the United States and Canada; they have expanded all over the north of Asia, and they are filling up the Continent of Australia on the south. Asia is being surrounded by European peoples; it is becoming more and more accessible to them, and at the close of the present century will be incomparably more accessible than it is now. The number of vessels plying between Europe and Asia will have vastly increased; the time they occupy upon the voyage will have proportionately diminished. Already there are railway schemes in preparation for connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf and even with India; for connecting Russia with India, India with China and China with Russia. All these will certainly be carried out during this century, till at its close Asia will be as permeated with railways as Europe now is. In addition, the Nicaragua Canal will have been completed, putting the great American cities on the Atlantic seaboard in direct sea-communication with the Far East.

Europeans will, moreover, press forward with the more keenness to purchase the products of Asia because of the rivalry which exists between them. The Europeans are not one nation, but many, all keenly struggling with each other for the means of sustenance and maintenance. They each want the products of Asia, and one nation cannot afford to let another gain an advantage over it in facilities for obtaining its requirements. The English fought for a century for the control of the trade of India. They obtained it in the face



of the Portuguese, the Dutch and the French; and perhaps it is not altogether unconnected with this fact that the three nations named have distinctly fallen away in comparison with the progress the English themselves have made. Russia and Germany are now pressing into Asia, and showing unmistakable symptoms of acquiring special facilities for themselves; and this fear alone makes other nations press on to ensure that they will not be left at a disadvantage. This rivalry in Asia will become more intense in future as the rivalry in Europe itself comes to an end, and the numbers of the population yet increase. And the more intense the rivalry of the European nations, the more rapid is likely to be their progress in Asia.

What, now, has been the effect of this pressure of Europe upon Asia during the past century? In the first stages of the struggle for existence among the nations of the world the strong seize individual men and women of the weak and capture their cattle and other means of sustenance, by such methods growing larger and stronger. But in the latter stages the tendency is for the strong to absorb the weaker bodily, either in part or in whole. Thus we have France taking part of Italy, Germany part of France, Russia taking Poland, and now perhaps Finland, and America taking part of the Spanish possessions. So it has been, too, in Asia. In the rivalry and struggle of life the powerful Europeans have been bodily absorbing the weaker nations of Asia.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the English were established in lower Bengal and along the coast line on both sides of the Indian Peninsula. But the Great Moghul was still reigning at Delhi; the powerful Mahratta Confederacy held all Central India; the semi-independent Viceroys of the Deccan and Oudh were yet un-

conquered; and the Northern Chieftains of Rajputana and the Punjab were scarcely known except by name. At the close of the century the Queen of England was Empress of India, not merely by title, but by more assured fact than any ruler had ever been before. Her will was absolute throughout India; the Great Moghul had been swept away; the most powerful Confederacies had vanished into thin air; and the haughtiest Chiefs had proclaimed their allegiance to the British throne.

In more distant China there has been a less vigorous and sustained pressure from Europe, and a more determined opposition from the people or rather the government of the country. Yet here also the marks of European pressure are seen. Along the borders of the Chinese Empire States like Burma, Annam and Tonking, which a century ago were tributary to China, are now governed by the English and the French. Fortified naval stations along the coast are held by European Powers at Hong-Kong, Kiao-chau, Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur, and European commercial settlements have been established in many places along the coast as well as in the interior. In the northern portion of the Empire Russia has been steadily extending her influence and control. First the Trans-Amur districts of Manchuria were absorbed; and the coast-line was annexed and a port established at Vladivostok; and now a virtual protectorate has been declared over the remainder of Manchuria. In Japan the effects of European pressure, though different, have been greater. At the beginning of last century the Japanese were as exclusive as the Chinese in matters of trade, and European trade with Japan scarcely existed. By the close of the century the Japanese had only saved themselves from absorption by Europeans by freely

opening their country to foreign trade and residence; so that now Europeans can trade with Japan as freely as they can with each other. In Northern Asia Russia has extended her sway over all Siberia. In Central Asia she has acquired control over Turkestan and the Khanates. Persia is every year coming more under the influence of Russia in the North and England in the South. Except, indeed, secluded and useless countries like Tibet, Afghanistan and Arabia, where there never could be any trade of importance, no Asiatic country has escaped the effects of European competition for the trade of the tropics. Some, like India, where competition was most severe, where the means of applying pressure was easiest, or where the resistance was weakest, have had to submit to being controlled absolutely and to being incorporated bodily with the European. Others, like Japan, have only escaped absorption by conceding all the Europeans asked. But all alike have had, during the century which has passed away, to withdraw that opposition which at the commencement they put in the way of Europeans purchasing with their own products the needed products of the East.

The net result is that out of the total population of Asia (including Japan, but excluding the islands of the Malay Archipelago) of 844 millions, no less than 344 millions are now under European control, some 250 millions having been absorbed during the last century.

And those Asiatics who are now under European control will remain subject to it during the present century. It would take more space than can be afforded here fully to justify this statement, but it may, nevertheless, I think, be safely accepted. It is possible to imagine that through our apathy and callousness, and the neglect of our Indian administration—the finest piece of work that any nation has ever had in hand—a great popular

rising assisted by an attack from Russia or France, or both combined, might result in our evacuation of India. This is, I hope, improbable; but it is imaginable, for it has been imagined by that Englishman who of all his countrymen has given the longest and most profound study to the question. Mr. Meredith Townsend, in his lately published work, "Asia and Europe," states, as a result of a lifelong study, that "the Empire which came in a day will disappear in a night."

It is [hesays] a structure built on nothing, without foundations . . . Banish those fifteen hundred men in black, defeat the slender garrison in red, and the Empire has ended. . . . It is the active classes who have to be considered, and to them our rule is not and cannot be a rule without prodigious drawbacks . . . of which the last and greatest of all is the total loss of the interestingness of life. . . . The catastrophe in India will arrive either in some totally unforeseen manner, or through a general insurrection aided by a voluntary transfer of power from European to Asiatic hands. The insurrection will recur within a month of our sustaining any defeat whatever severe enough to be recognized as a defeat in the Indian bazars. . . . The Peninsula might be reconquered. . . . Still an uneasy tranquillity might continue for a generation, to be broken again after thirty or forty years by a third uprising.

Such are the gloomy forebodings of one who has lived in India and known India as few know it, and who, moreover, was in India during the great Mutiny.

Nevertheless, there is a ray of hope for us still; and these convictions are shared by some, at least, of those who have had recent and practical experience of governing India. The antipathy of Asiatics for Europeans, upon which Mr. Townsend so strongly insists, is undoubtedly there, and always

will be there. He is perfectly right in saying that the active classes miss the excitement and interestingness of their old, wild, gambling life; and are oppressed by the leadenness of our rule. So, however, did the wild aboriginal tribes of India miss the still greater freedom to hunt, and murder and steal, and wander as they would which they enjoyed till they were brought into some sort of order by the superior races which came flooding into India in recurring waves from the temperate regions of Asia. But the savage aboriginal tribes had to submit to the inevitable march of civilization. Whether they appreciated it or not, they had to submit to the restrictions which the more civilized crusaders imposed upon their formerly uncurbed license to murder and steal as they liked. Similarly in their turn the present active classes in India will have to submit, whether they find it congenial or no, to the restraints which the last and the most civilized, because most socially efficient, of the invaders from the temperate regions impose upon them to curb that spirit of wild adventure and excitement which had as its main result the anarchy in which we found India a century and a half ago. Even the last Mutiny did not succeed; and it produced no single man of capacity nor any symptom of a government which would have replaced ours and stayed the flood of European invasion. And if it did not succeed in 1857, how is any similar movement to succeed now when there are 23,000 miles of railway running through India, and telegraphs to every corner of the peninsula; now, since the Suez Canal has been cut, and since our steamers have so increased in speed and in numbers, and our whole organization of Empire so improved that we could more easily place 200,000 white troops in India in 1902 than we could 20,000 in 1857? How could it succeed when all these troops would be accompanied

by the most modern artillery, while the natives would not have even the obsolete artillery which they possessed in 1857?

However, it evidently is imaginable that there may be such a concatenation of misfortunes—attacks from outside and risings within—that we may lose India. But what is not, I believe imaginable by any one who has the arguments of this article before him, is that India, freed from the English, will continue free of European control altogether; and this is the real point of importance in the present study. Mr. Townsend's forecast is that after the natives of India have evicted us either by force or by gradually getting into their hands all the power in the Government offices,

India will be reduced to the condition in which we found her . . . life will again be made interesting as of old by incessant wars, invasions and struggles for personal ascendancy. The railways . . . will be torn up, the universities will be scouted by military rulers, the population will begin to decrease, and in short, one word expresses it all, India will once more be Asiatic.

Now, even supposing the mother country had become so effete as to allow this, and that the great young nations of Australia and Canada would look with indifference on so deplorable an ending to all the efforts which we who spend our lives in trying to rule India justly have made, is it likely that Russia and Germany, and France and America would stand by and see that great market go to ruin from which they require so much of the necessities of civilization? The world in general has need of what India *can* produce; and if there is one thing more certain than another it is that the European nations—incomparably more powerful as they now are than they have ever been before, even in the days of the Greeks and the Romans, from whose efforts Mr. Townsend draws his analogies—

will insist that great rich spaces of the earth's surface like India and China shall be placed and kept under those conditions which most conduce to efficient production. The industrial progress of the world is advancing with ever accelerating rapidity. Greater strides forward have been made in the last century than in all the centuries which have gone before. The forces which favor this progress are continually increasing in strength, and the resisting forces are continually decreasing. It is altogether inconceivable, therefore, that the civilized Powers should ever allow the clock to be set back in India in the way Mr. Townsend anticipates and the industrial progress already made to be summarily swept away.

If the English are too indolent, or too indifferent, or too lacking in virility to rule India, and allow it to relapse back into the anarchy in which they found it, depend upon it there will be an even keener scramble among the European nations for its possession than there ever was for spheres of influence in Africa or China. And there is nothing so extraordinary or unprecedented in such a movement from Europe to Asia that we should look upon it as unnatural and merely ephemeral. On the contrary it is a strictly normal occurrence in the general life of nations. Throughout its history there has ever been a succession of waves of invasion from the temperate regions over the fertile plains of India. We are simply in the presence of the last and greatest of these waves, and there is nothing to show that it will be any less permanent than the others. There is indeed every indication to show that it will be just as lasting. It may be over-laid by some higher wave still. But it will not be thrown back by the masses over-ridden. Because Europeans do not settle down in India to live and intermarry with the people like all previous invad-

ers is no indication that their dominion will be less permanent. Quite the contrary; it is, if anything, an argument in favor of the permanence of European dominion; for while all other northern invaders have been absorbed by intermarriage with the conquered and have been rendered effete by the tropical climate of India, the Europeans will keep their type true and their vigor fresh. For the coming century at least, we may conclude, the Asiatics now under European control will still remain dependents of Europe.

We may conclude even more than this. Not only will they remain still under the control of Europe, but they will even be used to extend European influence in other parts of Asia. The English have so used the natives of India all through the past century. Madras sepoy helped to conquer the Bengal Presidency, Madras and Bengalis to subdue the Mahrattas, and all three to subjugate the Sikhs. Besides which, all these separate types of Indian troops—more different in every respect as they are than Italians are from Scotchmen—have been used by us in the extension of our influence in Persia, in Afghanistan and in China. Similarly the French, from whom, indeed, we first learned the system, have used the Annamese against the Tonkingese, and both against the Chinese; and the Russians have used one class of Asiatic against another. Even more remarkable and significant still is the fact that to quell the Indian Mutiny we raised levies of Indians themselves; that we have used frontier tribesmen to put down frontier risings; and that to relieve the Legations at Peking we took the newly formed Chinese regiment from Wei-hai-wei.

I think it will be a fair conclusion, then, that the 500 million Europeans who wish to trade with Asia will be assisted in their efforts to establish equable trade relations with the 500

million independent Asiatics by the 344 million Asiatics now under European control; and they will be assisted the more readily because of the advantage which these Asiatics themselves gain from free commercial access to new markets. Not only will Europe gain by the opening up of China, but India will too. The trade of India with China at the commencement of last century was quite insignificant. It now amounts to more than the trade of France, Germany and Russia put together with that country.

Further, it can be shown that both the Europeans and also the Asiatics under European control will probably augment in numbers more rapidly than the independent Asiatics. It has already been stated that the Europeans are likely to treble in numbers during the present century. The population of India has also been steadily increasing under the security of our rule, and at the present rate will be two and a half times more numerous at the close of the century than it is now. On the other hand except in Japan, which only furnishes a tenth part of the total, there is no indication that the independent Asiatic population will increase so rapidly as either the population of India or the population of Europe and the United States. Countries like Arabia, Persia and Asiatic Turkey have a way of keeping down their population by incessant wars or massacres. The only country where a great increase of population is likely is China, and I can find no sign that the Chinese under their own rulers will more than double in number while the Europeans are trebling. Mr. Parker, who was for many years in the British Consular service in China, has devoted a chapter of his recently published work on China to a consideration of the increase of the population. His conclusions are that for the 1,500 years up to 1260 the population remained, off and on, at about 50

millions, and that it did not reach 100 millions till the beginning of the eighteenth century. According to the most reliable Chinese statistics, in

1700	the population was	100	millions
1741	"	143	"
1762	"	200	"
1851	"	432	"
1894	"	421	"

These figures cannot, of course, be taken as strictly accurate, and they are generally considered to be somewhat in excess. They are, however, sufficiently correct to show that there was a pretty steady increase from the beginning of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, when the progress was arrested by the great Taeping rebellion and by subsequent famines. The last two centuries have been the most progressive in the history of China as regards the increase of population, and in that time the population has quadrupled. As far, then, as the data at our disposal will allow us to draw conclusions, we may assume that the Chinese are doubling in numbers every century.

The outlook is, then, that while the Asiatics under European control will during the century increase from 344 millions to about 800 or 850 millions, and the Europeans from 500 to 1,500 millions, the 400 million Chinese are not likely to increase to more than 800 millions; and of the remaining 100 million independent Asiatics, one-half are unlikely to increase at all, and the other half—the Japanese—already accept European methods of commercial intercourse.

China is therefore likely to receive the chief attention of Europe in the present century as India did in the past. It is known to be a country of great natural resources, which are not at present properly developed by the people, and these wasted resources are needed by the growing populations of Europe. It is no hardship, but on the



contrary, a benefit to the Chinese that these wasted resources should be developed under skilled European guidance, and that they should have unfettered opportunity of interchanging their own special products with the special products of Europe. As, then, the Europeans see their numbers augmenting, and their wants even faster than their numbers, and so feel their need for the products of China increasing in urgency; as they find themselves by the spread of railways and the increased speed of steamers yearly getting nearer to China; as they feel their power of making their will felt steadily developing, it cannot be expected that they will for long tolerate the attitude of exclusion which the Chinese Government have so far assumed.

Under the inexorable law of progress the Chinese will be given the choice of advancing with the foremost nations in the world, opening up their country as the Japanese have opened up theirs, and trading as freely with European nations as Europeans trade with one another or else of passing under the

control of more socially efficient and vigorous races as India has come under the British, Turkestan under the Russians, and Indo-China under the French. It will be more satisfactory to themselves and everybody else if they choose the former course. But, in any case, we may assume as the result of this study that during the century China will be as thoroughly opened up to European trade as are now India and Japan; and the idea of the Yellow Peril may be dismissed as a bogey of badly-informed philosophers.

Those Europeans who are wise will adapt their foreign policy accordingly. We British may not continue to take the leading part in opening up China. We may allow ourselves to be outpaced by Russia, Germany or America. But whether we take the most prominent part or not, the work will be done; and if we may judge from our experience in India during the last century, that nation which works the hardest, the most intelligently and the most resolutely will as ever reap the richest reward.

*F. E. Younghusband.*

*The Monthly Review.*

## ANTHROPOLOGY—A SCIENCE? \*

The idea of a science of man is no new one; it is at least as old as Aristotle; and we could easily trace a genealogical pedigree affiliating Mr. Tylor to that great mind, and Mr. Spencer to Epicurus, Euhemerus and Lucretius.

Plenty of anthropological work is to be found among the books of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The difference between our modern theorists or explorers and those of the past is merely that a greater sci-

\*1. "The Golden Bough." Second edition, revised and enlarged. Three volumes. By J. G. Frazer. London: Macmillan, 1900.

2. "The Native Tribes of Central Australia." By Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen. London: Macmillan, 1899.

3. "Magic and Religion." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, 1901.

4. "In the Australian Bush, and on the Coast of the Coral Sea." By Richard Semon. London: Macmillan, 1899.

5. "The Sherbro and its Hinterland." By T. J. Aldridge. London: Macmillan, 1901.

6. "Malay Magic." By W. W. Skeat. London: Macmillan, 1900.

7. "Indian Story and Song from North America." By Alice C. Fletcher. London: David Nutt, 1900.

8. "Journal of the Anthropological Institute." Vol. xxxi. 1901.

9. "Eaglehawk and Crow." By John Mathew. London: David Nutt, 1899.

entific precision, more of critical accuracy, are now demanded, in proportion to the enormous bulk of daily increasing evidence, collected from travellers old and modern, and from the obscurer purlieus of Greek and Sanskrit literature. In presence of fresh anthropological systems, and of hypotheses that grow up like mushrooms (and are less digestible than many of these vegetables), writers like Professor Max Müller and Sir Alfred Lyall, in his "Asiatic Studies," have asked for increased caution and discrimination. Whatever theory you entertain, it is urged, you have but to dip a hand in the lucky bag of missionaries' and travellers' reports, and it will go hard but that you find a fact to buttress your hypothesis. Now it is clear that if anthropology is to be a science, or even a study with a scientific method, the first requisite is a stringent criterion of testimony. An isolated story of remote date, reported on vague hearsay by a traveller or settler, and never corroborated, is obviously not sound material to insert into the edifice of a theory. We cannot but distrust an anthropological hypothesis if such a tale is one of its corner stones.

Accompanying the natural tendency to catch at a friendly "fact," however shadowy, is the tendency not to observe or to pass lightly over even well authenticated facts which do not harmonize with one's theory. These hostile facts are apt to hide themselves from the theorist's glance as he studies a traveller's pages. He is not disingenuous, he is only hypnotized by his theory (we "speak of him but brotherly" as fellow-sinners); very probably the facts really escape his notice, by a negative hallucination. He is merely like the historian who fails to detect the documents which make against his favorite opinion about any disputed event. Happily there are rival historians and rival anthropologists who tri-

umphantly pounce on things which the others have neglected. Even in geology, the owner of an hypothesis has been known, it is said, to roll a boulder down hill "because it was two hundred feet too high to suit my theory." We would not, however, accuse anthropologists of this excess of zeal. In truth "the malady of not marking" uncomfortable facts is not unexampled even among professors of the psychological sciences. It is a malady generally incident to human nature, as is the *a priori* fallacy, to neglect evidence of facts that, to the upholders of this or the other system, seem incompatible with their sacred prejudices, and their ideas of how things ought to exist. However large a bundle of affidavits to a widely-diffused savage belief or custom you may bring forward; however trustworthy the signers of the affidavits may be held on all other points; if the evidence clashes with any student's preconceived ideas of what savages are, he may ignore it or slip round it, or account for it by an hypothesis that readily satisfies those who wish to be satisfied. "The Eternal Evasion" (as Glanvill phrases it) eternally evades.

All this is merely natural, and to be expected, almost to be welcomed, for, did this scientific conservatism not exist, nobody knows what revolutions might befall science. Progress has to fight an unending battle with the established, the official, the professorial. The anthropological method in mythology (as used by Mr. Frazer, Mr. Farnell, Mr. Hartland, M. Gaidoz, Mannhardt and many others) has ousted the etymological. But the victors are not happy when they are, practically, invited to subject their charters and title-deeds to a fresh scrutiny. Certain facts in anthropology or psychology, it is urged, "go through the empty form of taking place." But the anthropologist, like the psychologist, who is com-

fortably settled in a theory that does not include these facts, by whomsoever adduced, is almost more than human if he frankly and fully recognizes or even deigns to investigate their existence.

Yet it does not follow so far, that (as many declare) "anthropology is not a science." Almost all the sciences pass through continual processes of discovery and conservative resistance to, resignation to, and acceptance of new ideas. For our own part we would scarcely speak of anthropology, at least in its religious branch, as a "science," certainly not as an exact science, like chemistry or physics. It is rather a study, which ought to aim at a strictly scientific method. In the past anthropology has won several victories. In mythology it holds the lists of combat. Nobody, again, now denies the theory of human advance from the use of rude to that of polished stone weapons, and so to the employment of metals, though there are, of course, faults in the strata of development in some regions. In regard to society, again, perhaps nobody denies that the general tendency has been to advance from the Totem group, with "exogamy," to the local tribe; or that recognition of kin on the spindle side has probably, on the whole, preceded the recognition (for purposes of customary law) of male kinship. The various influences, again, which led to discrimination of ranks, to chiefship, and to kingship—influences of a religious, magical and economical nature—are fairly well understood. We see that the magical pretensions of some individuals, the genius and courage of others, acquired for them influence and property, broke up the equality and communism which had prevailed, and made conquest and slavery possible; while the introduction of agriculture, and the domestication of animals, gradually conducted to a more settled and organized existence. Anthropologists may dispute as to whether the

reverence paid to certain animals—"Totems"—led to their domestication, as is the opinion of Mr. Jevons; or whether agriculture began religiously, from edible seeds left on the graves of the worshipped dead, as Mr. Grant Allen maintained. These are obscure details; but the general trend of events is fairly well ascertained, and anthropology employs the now familiar method of the doctrine of evolution.

So far, the study may be called scientific, just as the study of history may be called scientific. Both pursuits aim at a stricter method of collecting, examining, analyzing and recording evidence. But the evidence available to students in both cases is not, of course, experimental; in the nature of the case, experiment is impossible. The historian tries to get his evidence at first hand, in contemporary records, charters, inscriptions, letters, despatches and so forth. But even such first-hand evidence, being human, is fallible. Not only are there occasional gaps in the series of documents, but the constructors of the documents were perhaps misinformed, or prejudiced, or dishonest. The historian must make himself acquainted with their means and opportunities of knowing the facts, with their characters, their bias, and so forth; he must treat his authorities as a judge treats the witnesses in a case; and he must watch and correct his own bias.

The anthropologist is in a similar but more difficult position. As early undeveloped mankind is one object of his researches, he does not expect to find documentary evidence among races who cannot read and write. The nearest approach to documentary evidence among savages is discovered in their old traditional hymns, which may be very archaic and obscure in language; and next come the newer songs and incantations used in rites, in magic, or as lyrical expressions of sentiment

and belief. The Polynesian and Maori hymns, and those of the Zuñis and allied races, are handed down in a careful and elaborate way. Even the Australian natives have their hymns, chanted in dances religious and magical.<sup>1</sup> The hymns of the modern religion of the Ghost Dance, among the Sioux and Arapahoes, have been carefully translated and published by the American Bureau of Ethnology; a volume of older oral poems of the Red Men was edited by Dr. Brinton, another by Miss Alice Fletcher. Mr. Howitt has preserved a few Australian chants; Mr. White, Sir George Grey, Miss Teulra Henry and many others have rescued Maori and Polynesian hymns; Mr. Cushing and others have done as much for the Zuñis, Monsieur Junod for the Baronga; and there are plenty of such instances. We cannot but hold that the ideas expressed in such hymns are good evidence to the genuine existence of these ideas, while the conservatism of priests and magicians may be trusted, in certain cases (not in all, the Ghost Dance having Christian elements), to exclude foreign notions.

Again, the popular tales, or "Märchen," of savages are tolerably good traditional evidence as to their ideas, though in these we have to be on our guard against borrowing from Europeans. Here the conservative influence is that of the grandmothers of the tribe telling to their grandchildren what their grandmothers told to them. From the Australians (Mrs. Langloh Parker) to the Zulus (Callaway) and the

frozen North (Castren, Rink) we have excellent collections of savage popular tales, including customs and incantations.

Another fairly sound source of anthropological evidence for the ideas held by savages is found in the discourses and revelations made to the youths at the Mysteries of Initiation. The youths are catechumens, as it were, and are told what to believe, and how to act in accordance with the tribal faith and morality. Evidence of this class is rare, as Europeans (like Mr. Aldridge) are not often initiated. Among the best examples are the reports of Mr. Howitt, who speaks as an initiated man, on native Australian Mysteries. What Mr. Howitt was told, on these occasions, contradicted his previously published theories of the nature of the native religious beliefs. He was now obliged to recognize the existence of a creed much higher than that he had supposed to be held. It has been reckoned highly improbable that the elders and magicians borrowed from and adapted, European moral and religious ideas; indeed part of the ceremony was intended to banish European individualism from the minds of the neophytes.<sup>2</sup> This evidence of Mr. Howitt's does not seem to have much influenced the opinions of anthropological writers on the evolution of religion; they have rather ignored it, as a rule; but the kind of source, the precepts of the Mysteries (where such precepts are given), is clearly among the most valid. It is certain that a close study of savage initiatory rites is a pressing need

<sup>1</sup> So early as 1846 Mr. Horatio Hale, an American scientific explorer, published the following facts. The Wellington local tribes in Australia "believe in the existence of a deity called Balamai," an ichthyophagous island-dwelling deity. "Some of the natives consider him the maker of all things, while others attribute the creation of the world to his son, Burambin." They say of him that Balamai spoke, and Burambin came into existence. When the missionaries first came to Wellington (about 1828), "the natives used to assemble once a year to dance and sing a

song in honour of Balamai. This song was brought there from a distance by strange natives." This song has never been recovered, at least never published, and to one inquirer a native declined to reveal it. Such a song would yield as sound evidence as we can expect to obtain.—"U. S. Exploring Expedition, 1840," vol. vii, p. 110.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Howitt's essays will be found in the "Journal of the Anthropological Institute," vol. xiv, 1884-1885, and in "Kamilaroi and Kurnai."

of students, for the ceremonies will soon disappear. We need an anthropological *Aglaophamus*.

These three classes of evidence (religious and magical hymns and incantations, traditional stories or "Märchen," and, when they can be discovered, the precepts of the Mysteries), are the nearest approaches to documentary evidence which, among non-writing races, the anthropologist can command. From these sources the antique tradition should well forth with least contamination. Consequently when a student has diligently drunk from these fountains, other students (who do not wish to agree with his results) will aver that he has relied on the answers given by savages to the leading questions of travellers. Of this method we cite an example from a most learned and acute foreign critic, whom, to avoid anything invidious, we do not name. Criticizing a British author, Monsieur X. wrote thus:—

The traveller or missionary, often through an interpreter, asks the savage:—

"You believe in a Supreme Being, don't you?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Does he not live up there?" pointing heavenwards.

"He does, sir."

"Is he not the Creator and the Father of men?"

"Certainly, sir."

"What is his name?"

Any name, or the name of some local god promoted to supremacy is given. And then our author collects this evidence, and makes it a proof of primitive Theism.

Of course if the British author thus handled had adopted evidence of this hopeless character, he would deserve far worse than Monsieur X. said of him. But, in fact, the author had especially insisted on the value of hymns, chants, the Mysteries and traditional myths; and had thence, whenever it

was possible, drawn his information, always using, if accessible, the testimony of good linguists or of others who had sifted the evidence by the exemplary method used by old Sahagun among the Aztecs.

From the traditional sources indicated it can hardly be doubted that we do obtain light on the ideas and mental condition of savages. Again, we have the evidence of institutions, customary laws and ritual. On some points there is no room for hesitation. The blood-feud, taken up by the kin, is prior to the law of murder administered by the State. Again, oaths are certainly, in some cases, evidence to the belief in the god or spirit who sanctions the oath. A huge mass of ritual performances among savages and barbarians, and of analogous sportive ceremonies surviving in European popular custom, does testify to the existence of belief in deities and spirits of agriculture and vegetation. Sacrifices and gifts all over the world, attest the faith in and cult of spirits of the dead. Closely similar group-names, and sacred customs, found almost everywhere in savagery, leave no doubt as to the widespread and potent influences of Totemism. Other examples from the regions of custom and customary law abound. Thus custom is a source of valid evidence when the testimony to the existence of the custom is that of good observers, though the interpretation of the evidence may often be uncertain.

One of the best criteria of evidence, as Mr. Tylor justly remarks, is that of undesigned coincidences among the reports made at various times, by observers of every sort, differing in race, profession, education and bias—at least so long as these observers are ignorant of the analogous testimonies of others elsewhere. Unluckily this candid ignorance is no longer so common as it was. Intelligent travellers, settlers,



explorers and missionaries have read Mr. Spencer, Mr. Morgan, Mr. McLennan, Mr. Tylor and Mr. Frazer. They now know what to look for, and have evolved or borrowed theories. Thus their reports, however honestly meant, may be falsely colored. They may too easily find what they expect to find, and may overlook what they are not looking for. The observer in savage lands is often subject to the infirmities of the student among his books; he, too, frequently finds what he wants, and what he does not want he fails to observe and to record.

Missionaries are in a particularly unfortunate position. So long as they record what this or the other home-staying anthropologist desires, their evidence may be eagerly cited. When they record what an anthropologist finds vastly inconvenient to his theory, they may be dismissed with a sneer at "missionary evidence," or may be ignored. All this arises from no fault of the missionary, who may be a learned linguist and an impartial observer. Nor is the fault to be laid at the door of anthropology; we are merely facing the *idola specus* (phantasms of the cave) of individual anthropologists. But we must remember that missionaries, like all other classes of men, have their own *idola*. One may believe in a "primitive revelation" and expect to discover, say among the Mincopies, fragments of primeval tradition. He will find them; in fact, a Deluge legend and an Origin of Death legend are extremely likely to exist; and, if the missionary hears of a Creator (as he may), he will, if prejudiced, rejoice in a survival of revelation. Another missionary may have read Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Tylor. He will expect to find ancestor-worship, and in all probability he will

actually find it, as a rule; while if a god or gods occur, he will be sure that they are magnified ancestral spirits. It would not be wholly scientific to accept and quote the Spencerian missionary, and to ignore or slight the missionary who, in the same district, finds traces of what he calls a creator, or *vice versa*. Both may be right, though the report of neither is exhaustive. The first missionary must be shown to have a bias before he can be scouted; and in accepting the evidence of the Spencerian missionary, we must make allowance for his Spencerian bias, just as we should do if he were a layman.

As an exemplary instance of missionary evidence we may cite Monsieur Henri Junod, author of "*Les Baronga*" (1898). Monsieur Junod has to face the question, Is the respect paid to Heaven (*Tilo*) by the tribes near Delagoa Bay a relic of an outworn Monotheism, swamped by ghost-worship; or is it but the germ of a later and higher faith in the making? (pp. 408-426.) He thinks that the belief may be an almost obliterated survival of the Bantu faith in Moloungo, "*le dieu unique et souverain*," otherwise written "*Mlungu*." Monsieur Junod, however, can at present offer no decided opinion. As there is plenty of evidence of belief in such a being as Mlungu, among races infinitely below the Baronga in culture, and not ghost-worshippers, it seems odd if the more advanced people is, in religion, so very far behind much ruder tribes. But the question is undetermined, and the attitude of Monsieur Junod, though a missionary, is perfectly scientific.\*

Mr. Tylor long ago put forward his criterion of undesigned coincidence of reports, in answer to the doubts about anthropological evidence expressed by

\* Macdonald, "*Africans*," vol. i, pp. 66, 67; David C. Scott, "*A Cyclopaedic Dictionary of the Mang'anja Language in British Central Africa*," s.v. "*Mlungu*."

\* "*Les Baronga*," par Henri A. Junod, de la Mission Romande. Neuchâtel: Attinger, 1898.

"an eminent historian." Now as an example of Bacon's *idola specus*, it is interesting to note that Mr. Max Müller, in his own useful criticisms of anthropological evidence, never, to our knowledge, alluded to Mr. Tylor's criterion, which, doubtless, had never fallen under his eyes. On the other hand, Mr. Max Müller freely accepted the evidence of missionaries when it attested (what is usually denied) the existence of high religious elements in the beliefs of the Australian "aborigines" and other low savages. Yet the missionary evidence here was ordinary anthropological evidence, ordinary reports, neither better nor worse than most, and, at least in one case given by Mr. Max Müller, proved to be, in Mr. Tylor's opinion, quite erroneous.<sup>5</sup>

Meanwhile several anthropologists, while eagerly accepting from missionaries and travellers, evidence on all other points—evidence which Mr. Max Müller on the whole disparaged—reject or are unaware of that evidence of theirs as to the higher religious elements which Mr. Max Müller gladly welcomed. We are expressing no opinion as to the genuineness of these high faiths among low races. We are only sketching two contradictory phantasms, or *idola*, which haunt the caves of two opposed sets of thinkers. These phantasms cannot but provoke a smile or a sigh. We are all, whatever our theories may be, at bottom so terribly unscientific, and so devoid of saving humor. The testimony that suits us is excellent; the reports that damage our favorite hypotheses are, at best, gravely subject to suspicion, or deserve not even mention at our hands.

While making allowance for these foibles of the learned who stay at home, we must also reckon with a malady of those who observe abroad. There is an artless confusion of mind

which leads an observer to describe, say, the belief of his savages in a creative being and presently to deny that they have any such notion at all. Another traveller will assure us that a certain African race have no gods but their kings; and, anon, will inform us that they have a supreme god—whom they do not worship. Both these writers, though their evidence sounds like nonsense, had a meaning. The first probably meant that, though his savages possessed an idea of a maker of things, they had no idea approaching to his own conception of the God of Christianity. The second writer, in his first assertion, thought only of gods who receive gifts and adulation. In his next page, almost, he did not conceal that the tribe had also a theological conception of a god, unaccompanied by any cult. Thus, at least, we try to construe the contradictory evidence; but, obviously, this is difficult ground. The anthropologist, however, should not cite one of the contradictory assertions of his witness without also quoting the other. Perhaps some writers having found their "fact" do not "read on."

It is chiefly in the anthropological study of savage religion—a field in which bias rules—and especially in attempts to descry the dim origins of religion, that the difficulties as to evidence make themselves felt. Some tribes, as the Melanesians, have a kind of secret language in regard to their religion and ritual. Almost all, when interrogated, have good reasons for reticence, or for giving false or evasive replies. The gods, like fairies, do not love to be spoken about; perhaps their very names may scarcely be uttered with safety. This makes evidence given to Europeans initiated in the Mysteries especially valuable. The ordinary savage loves a hoax, says Mr. Sproat concerning the Ahts; and he may purposely mislead inquirers by way of a jest. His habits of atten-

<sup>5</sup> "Journal of the Anthropological Institute," February 1892, pp. 290, 291.

tion are lax; he is easily tired; then he invents beliefs, or he answers leading questions in the sense which he expects will be most acceptable to his catechist. This rule is not universal; we have several instances of savages who stood to their assertions under cross-examination. But, as others only wish to please, the bias of the European inquirer, his tact, his power of entering into sympathetic relations with the tribesmen, and so extracting confidences, and his knowledge of the native language, must all be critically ascertained and analyzed by the anthropological theorist who uses his testimony.

Bishop Callaway, a most accurate and strict observer, conceived that savages were very clever at picking up religious ideas from explorers and missionaries, and then adapting them, in the twinkling of an eye, and putting them forward as their own traditional beliefs. This process, if universal, may almost make us despair of ever attaining to trustworthy knowledge of the inner unborrowed beliefs of the most backward races. Their practical religion is openly revealed in their prayers, sacrifices and ceremonies, and in their worship of spirits or local gods. But if they possess anything like an idea of a supreme and creative being—as a very large body of evidence from all manner of sources declares—and yet do not worship that being, or not much, it is plain that corroboration from prayer and sacrifice cannot well be obtained. It may always be urged by sceptics that the gods or spirits who conspicuously receive gifts are alone genuine, and that the alleged unworshipped creative god is adapted from

Christianity or Islam—is, in fact, a mere figment palmed off by the gay savage on the European inquirer.

An opponent of this very natural and, in some cases, plausible contention will answer, first, that a god without temples or prayers is not the kind of being whom missionaries, at least, reveal to their savage flocks; next, that the savage deity, though without sacrifices or temples, sometimes sanctions the oath, and in other cases is spoken of in the Mysteries, in songs, in myths, and in proverbial phrases, all of them matters unlikely to be borrowed from Europeans; while the women are, in Australia, quite undeniably kept in ignorance of the being's names and attributes, a thing impossible if he were derived from Christian teachers.\* Finally the almost universal coincidence of evidence as to the peculiarities of this alleged unworshipped yet supreme being from the testimony of Peter Martyr in the newly discovered new world, to that of Mr. Howitt in Australia today, or to Mr. Man in the Andaman Isles, must suggest the question, Could so many and such remote savage and barbaric races agree so strangely in their improvised figment about their own creed? This point Mr. Tylor noted long ago in his "Primitive Culture."

The general statement, roughly speaking, represents a creative being, a pre-human entity of anthropomorphic nature, a "Big Man," or "medicine man." After making most things, if not all, and after many mythical adventures on earth—adventures often immoral or fantastic, or cruel, or obscene—he now dwells indolently apart, leaving the government of men and nature to his son or sons

\* These considerations are put forward by Mr. Lang in "Magic and Religion."

† The Fuegians, as is well known, spoke to the inquirers of H.M.S. "Beagle" of their "Big Man." The name of the alleged Australian Balame or Balamai is rendered "Big Man" by native philologists. The Maidu Indians of North

America "have a conception of a great man who created the world and all its inhabitants." ("Contributions to North American Ethnology," iii, 287.) Among the Cahrocs or Karoks, Kareya is the name of this being. Similar examples are frequent. See Mr. Lang's "Making of Religion," chapters x-xiii.

(sometimes not born of woman) and other deputies. He still, despite his own indiscreet adventures, exercises in many cases a moral surveillance of human conduct, and assigns their fates to the souls of the dead, who, however, in other myths, have destinies of the most varied description. A being of this kind, who made the world, can hardly be a sublimated ancestral ghost, especially among tribes where no such ghosts are worshipped, such as the Andamanese; nor can he have been invented as a power able to do for men, "for a consideration," what men found that they could not do by magic, for themselves, as in Mr. Frazer's theory. In fact he receives no "consideration"—such as minor deities or spirits in many cases do receive—in the way of gifts. There remains, then, the sceptical hypothesis that the idea of this Big Man was, from North America to Western and Central Africa, and thence to Australia, a figment adapted by races in various stages of culture, out of the earliest European attempts at teaching Christian doctrines. Or, on the other hand, the conception of this being may, perhaps—we express no opinion—be a natural and genuine product of very early human speculation, prior, possibly, even to the belief in ghosts or spirits. To attain anything like a sound idea of this problem, a very large bulk of evidence must be carefully sifted—a new task, for the testimonies to this form of belief have usually been either overlooked or ignored, or perhaps overworked and over-emphasized, as the case may be, by inquirers of opposite bias or theory.

The truth is that, just where certainty would be most interesting, there it is most difficult to procure. Different observers, in the same region, often make absolutely contradictory reports, especially as to this kind of religious or speculative belief in a superior being.

The student, therefore must here exercise the most careful vigilance over the characters, bias and opportunities of acquiring information enjoyed by his witnesses. In the case of converted savages who give information, one man may feel pride in declaring that he and his ancestors practically knew Christian doctrines, in a rough or obliterated shape, from time immemorial. Another convert, rejoicing in his new creed, may vow that, before the good missionaries came, his ancestors and he dwelt in total theological darkness. Again, a traveller or squatter may be prejudiced against the "niggers," and convinced that they are unconscious atheists. If they deny this, he says that "there is no use in trying to humbug him." Another settler or explorer, more sympathetic, may assert the reverse, either because he was better trusted and more confided in, or because he was more easily gulled. In trusting either class of deponents, the anthropologist must not accept or reject statements because he wishes, or does not wish to believe them, or because they suit or contradict his theory. The delicacy and difficulty of the inquiry are conspicuous.

Thus far no theory as to the beginnings of religion has been scientifically demonstrated; perhaps scientific demonstration is impossible. But the study, if pursued at all, must be pursued in a scientific spirit. The religious and the irreligious bias, the *a priori* bias, which neglects or even ignores evidence injurious to preconceived or popular theories, and the innovating bias, which aims at saying some new thing, are almost equally noxious. Yet the *a priori* bias is conservative, while the revolutionary bias prevents stagnation and facile acquiescence in official ideas, perhaps insufficiently tested, and resting mainly on the popular belief in the great human gods of popular science.

The chief error of anthropologists and mythologists has always been to applaud, and not to practise, the obvious rules of inquiry which we have stated. They will select the statements that suit their ingenious hypotheses, without allowing due weight, or perhaps any weight, or even any mention, to statements of a contradictory character. The rise of any relatively fresh idea—such as that of the solar myth, based on disease of language; or of ancestral spirits; or of Totemism; or of gods of vegetable life, and agricultural magic; or of the existence of phallic rites—leads to the production of systems dominated almost exclusively by the notion of phallicism, or Totemism, or spirits of vegetation or ancestor worship, or by a selected blend of two or three of these elements.

The research for the origins of religion appears almost hopeless when we reflect that the most backward savages are not "primitive," as Mr. Max Müller justly insisted, but have languages highly artificial and complex. If these are the result of evolution, an incalculable number of centuries must have passed since the naked men who speak such tongues began to organize and elaborate mere significant cries into speech. During all these æons of human existence, who can tell what were the psychological experiences of the race, or what ideas, or what speculations, raised on what now unknowable psychical bases, savage man may have evolved and abandoned? The savages—if any such exist—who are quite irreligious, neither knowing a creative being, nor worshipping spirits, may have deserted gods and spirits, found unserviceable, in favor of material magic. The savages—if any such exist—who know of a crea-

tive being and pray to ancestral spirits, may have taken to these beliefs and cults, because they found material magic to be, more or less, a failure. Mr. Frazer, in his "Golden Bough," advocates the probability of the latter course of evolution. One set of savages (group A), without a god, and without worship of spirits (as he holds), practise magic exclusively. Some of their neighbors (group B), finding magic not quite satisfactory, have made a forward step, and now invoke ancestral ghosts. But obviously any one who chooses may argue that the first set at one time, perhaps, practised spirit-worship, like the second, but dropped it as not practically so profitable as magic pure and simple.

Nobody can tell how many such revolutions of opinion and practice occurred—if they ever occurred at all—in "the dark backward and abysm of time," during which human cries of various sorts were being evolved into the existing highly complex and logical languages of the dark natives of Australia.<sup>8</sup> It is true that magic is universal, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*; and that, if we accept certain evidence (that of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Gillen) as final and exhaustive, there exists a very savage region almost wholly destitute of religious belief or worship of spirits. But even if the evidence in favor of the absence of religion in that district is really exhaustive we cannot possibly be certain that the (A) group of savages, now wholly irreligious, did not once entertain religious ideas which they have abandoned; just as the (B) group of savages (*ex hypothesi*), by Mr. Frazer's theory have at least modified magic by introducing a tincture of spirit-worship. The question is akin to that concerning which the Irish gentleman said that he

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Fraser observes that even the Central Australians have abandoned an eccentric belief

which, judging by their mythical traditions, their ancestors appear to have held.



"would be glad to argue it either way for a guinea."

In short it appears to us that anthropological arguments cannot logically be brought forward either for the attack or the defence of religion as it exists among ourselves. While one party contends that certain Christian doctrines are modifications of savage or barbaric religious ideas, the affiliation between the two has still to be established. Meanwhile the opposite party replies, in effect, with Tertullian, that the heathen *vocem Christianam naturaliter exclamant*. Both sides argue in accordance with their preconceived ideas and natural or acquired bias. Meanwhile, beholding the relative weakness of the evidence, and the divisions among specialists, the world, not unwisely, remains indifferent. Thus the quest of religious origins, though perhaps the most attractive branch of anthropology, remains the most disputable; and its results are the most insecure. Yet we must not desist from the quest. As to the truth of religion, the science of religion, as Mr. Jevons urges, can tell us nothing; but we can add to the accumulated facts about the history of religions. Meanwhile nothing is more needed than collections of facts, compiled in the manner of Mr. Ling Roth's "Aborigines of Tasmania."

Among recent books on the speculative side of anthropology, both disciples and opponents confess the pre-eminence of Mr. J. G. Frazer's "Golden Bough," in the second and greatly amplified edition. Since Mr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture," now thirty years old, we have had nothing so learned as "The Golden Bough;" and until Mr. Tylor gives us the new book on which he is understood to be engaged, Mr. Frazer need fear no rival. He has not only made the most serious and minute researches into printed sources, ancient and modern, but he has pushed inquiries at first hand among contem-

porary savage and barbaric races by aid of correspondents abroad. He has also contributed several of their reports to the "Journal of the Anthropological Institute." Yet his "Golden Bough" is only part, he says, of the plan which he has traced out. So far he has dwelt chiefly on the religion, magic, ritual, mythology and folk-lore connected with the worship of the spirits or gods of vegetable life and of agriculture; though, in other works, he has sedulously explored Totemism and here he has elucidated Taboos and other early institutions and superstitions. But he has no intention "of treating the early history of religion from a single narrow point of view." This is reassuring, for as great Zeus himself, and a crowd of other gods and men and beasts appear in Mr. Frazer's work as very closely connected with, if not born from, trees and plants and plant spirits, some readers may surmise that vegetation is usurping the throne held in earlier theories by the sun.

Every mythologist knows the temptation to use a good and useful key on all locks. The key of vegetarian and agricultural magic and religion is an excellent key; and though we cannot conceal our opinion that Mr. Frazer applies it to some locks which it does not quite fit, he himself assures us that he does not regard it as of universal application, and that he "frankly recognizes the futility and inherent absurdity of any attempt to explain the whole vast organism as the product of any one simple factor." Indeed he arrays many factors, even in this book, though, as we remarked, the vegetable factor seems to us to be overworked.

As regards religion, there is a point on which Mr. Frazer might reflect. This is his definition of religion. Discussion becomes a mere beating of the air if the definitions of the debaters differ. "By religion," Mr. Frazer warns

us, "I understand a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life." Such propitiation is undoubtedly "religious," but does Mr. Frazer think his definition exhaustive? For example, could he deny religious faith to Bertram, in "Rokeyby?"

Mine is but half the demon's lot;  
For I believe—but tremble not.

Much less did Bertram "propitiate" or "conciliate" the superior power in which he believed. Now if, for the sake of argument, we ever did find backward races believing in "a power superior to man," yet not propitiating him, would Mr. Frazer say "their belief is not religious?" Mr. Jevons observes:—

It is obvious that great danger may lurk in the definition of religion that we may adopt; it is easy and tempting to define it in such a way as to imply that religion either is or is not true, and to exhibit the corresponding conclusion as a scientific inference, when it is really only the development of a non-scientific definition, which begged the question to begin with.\*

Mr. Frazer's definition, of course, is not devised for any such illogical purpose. But if we could find races who, like Bertram, believe, but do not tremble, Mr. Frazer's definition would apparently rule them out as non-religious, whereas, we think, they would really exhibit a very interesting stage of religion. They might be destitute of religious practice, but not of religious belief, except by Mr. Frazer's definition, if pressed against them.

In the face of that definition we conceive that the science of religion would be absolutely bound to examine and, if possible, to account for a religious belief unaccompanied by

cult or worship—that is, if such a belief were well attested. It would be a religious phenomenon, like any other, except by Mr. Frazer's present definition of religion.

It is not our purpose here to enter into discussion, in detail, of Mr. Frazer's hypotheses. "It has been my wish and intention," he says, "to draw as sharply as possible the line of demarcation between my facts and the hypotheses by which I have attempted to colligate them." No such lordly treasure-house of facts and of statements, as to the whole theme, has in our time been opened to the anthropologist; while the myriads of exact references enable the reader to check his author by following the context from which the extracts are detached. "Read on," Mr. Gladstone was wont to say when an opponent quoted an old speech of his; and Mr. Frazer offers us the opportunity of "reading on." His method, the free use of hypothesis, has this advantage, namely, that when an idea has dawned on him as a probable working explanation of phenomena, it has often led him into regions of research where no English anthropologist has preceded him. The hypothesis in his mind also opens his eyes to facts which a student, without the hypothesis, might have regarded as negligible. On the other hand, the abundance of colligated hypotheses, many or all of which must crumble if one is demonstrably incorrect, lends, we fear, an air of instability to the whole edifice.

It is almost, we think, to be regretted that Mr. Frazer did not write a wholly new book, instead of accommodating his now very advanced theory, and his new collections of facts, to the framework of his first edition. If we are not mistaken, the volumes, as they stand, contain ideas which cannot easily be cleared (though possibly they can) from the charge of being self-con-

\* "The International Monthly," April 1901, p. 475.

tradictory.<sup>10</sup> This is probably due to the method of piecing the new cloth into the old garment. Where Mr. Frazer has apparently changed his mind on important points, he has occasionally left the record of his previous opinion behind him, without satisfactorily reconciling the two seemingly opposite and mutually exclusive ideas. But it is perhaps hardly fair to criticize a work which, though vast, is only part of the plan and system that Mr. Frazer has traced out for himself. His style, unlike that of many scientific writers, is careful, agreeable, vivacious and only very occasionally shows a vein of rather too exuberant rhetoric. As to his demonstration of the extent to which the religion of vegetation has affected ritual, usage and, by way of survival, popular custom, nobody can deny that he has succeeded in proving the vast range of his influence. Difficulties arise in special cases; as in that of the supreme Aryan god "whose life was in the mistletoe or Golden Bough," and in a theory even more hazardous. Through the whole dense labyrinthine forest of his work the Ariadne's clue which guides him never leaves his hand; and his eye never wavers from his goal, though a critic who follows may conceive that the thread is not only tangled, but in some places broken. This does not blind us to the value of Mr. Frazer's immense erudition and unwearied industry.<sup>11</sup>

If, on points confessedly speculative, we cannot absolutely applaud all of Mr. Frazer's work, there is literally, we think, no exception to be taken to "The Native Tribes of Central Australia," by Mr. Baldwin Spencer, Professor of Biology in the University of Melbourne, and Mr. F. J. Gillen, sub-

protector of Aborigines at Alice Springs, South Australia. Mr. Gillen has known the rather isolated savages of Central Australia for twenty years, and possesses their confidence, having been permitted, with Mr. Spencer, to observe their initiatory and magical rites. These gentlemen have borne the heat of many a day and the fatigue of many a sleepless night in watching mummeries often cruel and disgusting. They have furnished an account of the whole aboriginal life, which may almost be called exhaustive, and give us many photographs. With scarcely a trace of theory, they give facts of every description. We cannot here go into these; but it is to be observed that the tribes, especially the Arunta, are all but destitute (as here described) of any trace of what the widest definition could call religion. On the other hand they possess an elaborate *material* magic, a magic of "sympathy" and imitation, with no appeal to spirits. They have adopted a theory of evolution which leaves no room for a creative power, or for any future life except that of re-incarnation. Their form of Totemism is peculiar, perhaps unique. On the other hand, the development of government, is, in some respects, more advanced than that of most of the "aborigines"—a kind of magistracy descending in the male line, not the female. To read this book is an education to the scientific explorer.

A volume much slighter, though interesting and intelligent, is Mr. Richard Semon's "In the Australian Bush," translated from the German. Mr. Semon was travelling for about two years in the northern parts of Australia. He found the natives "truthful on the whole;" apparently they could not take

<sup>10</sup> This is also the opinion of the author of the article styled "Magic and Religion" in the "Edinburgh Review," October 1901.

<sup>11</sup> The more special criticisms of Mr. Frazer's book which we have observed are by Mr. Hartland (author of "The Legend of Perseus"), in

"Man"; by several anthropologists and folklorists of various opinions, in "Folk-lore"; and two essays of considerable extent, and antagonistic nature, in Mr. Lang's "Magic and Religion," with the paper of the same title in the "Edinburgh Review," already referred to.

the trouble to invent a good lie. In the language, "abstract words" are wanting, though in Central Australia Mr. Spencer notes the names of two mythical beings, "Ungambikula," which means, "self-existing, or made out of nothing." It is not easy to be more "abstract" than that. Mr. Semon's book, though very interesting as a record of travel, has no particular anthropological value.

Mr. Alldridge's book, "The Sherbro and its Hinterland," is of a practical character, and adds very little to our knowledge of the more intimate ideas of the natives of Western Africa. It would be very instructive if we knew the esoteric secrets of the Mysteries. But Mr. Alldridge says, "I have never yet succeeded in penetrating the inner Mysteries, and indeed I always tell the people that I have no wish that they should divulge to me anything that they have sworn to keep secret." As moralists, we must commend Mr. Alldridge, but the anthropologist grieves. A few traces of "automatism"—as in the European use of the divining-rod—occur in native divination. Of these, however, Mr. Skeat gives much better examples. His "Malay Magic" is a particularly excellent work. The author states the usual objections against all anthropological evidence, objections which we have already considered. He then gives the chants and other native songs, on which he founds his reports, in the original language, with translations. This, as we have seen, is the best of all kinds of testimony in the anthropological field. The

Malays, under a veneer of Islam, preserve almost all the widely diffused ideas of savage culture. They are too deeply Islamized to teach us much about their earlier religion, but they are masters of magic and spells. In divination, forms of automatism (as in "table-turning") are employed; and the movements, caused by unconscious muscular action, are attributed to spirits. The anecdote quoted from Sir Francis Swettenham, of a piece of divination done under his own eyes may, perhaps, be explained by Mr. Maskeleyne, the conjurer, but it is certainly, as regards its method, beyond the ordinary comprehension. Though many of the Malay beliefs and practices, of which Mr. Skeat tells us, are familiar to us already as existing among other races, the exactitude of his method, and his sympathetic attitude make his volume one of the best of recent contributions to anthropology.

In conclusion, our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Spencer and Mr. Gillen, by the aid of the Colonial Governments, and of friends, are engaged in a new and promising expedition. The Government of India has appointed Mr. Rissley (well known for his excellent researches) to be Director of Ethnography. The "Journal of the Anthropological Institute" has been greatly enlarged and improved, thanks to the energy of Mr. Arthur Evans and the late and actual presidents, Mr. C. H. Read and Mr. Haddon, whose record of research near Torres Straits is in the press. The harvest is vast, and the reapers are neither few nor indolent.

## VICTOR HUGO.

A hundred years have passed since Victor Hugo was born. It is but a small space of time when we consider the number of centuries through which the rich and various literature of France has flourished. Yet it has been long enough for this one man, by his own power or as the representative of the spirit of his time—according to our theory of history—to turn the mighty stream of that literature into a new channel. It has been long enough also for the most conflicting judgments to be recorded concerning his achievement.

Even yet the time has not come for any final statement regarding the precise value of Hugo's work. The conflict of opinion regarding that work may, or may not, show the futility of literary criticism. There is, however, another way of estimating the calibre of a great literary personality. We may, for the moment, ignore his literary output altogether, in order to consider the man himself who was the primary source and origin of that output. What the man was that we may be sure his work, with blurred outline or added glamour, also was. There are few writers whose personality is so obscured in their work as Victor Hugo; he himself wrote, as early as 1835 (in the Preface to "*Chants du Crêpuscule*"), and with more truth than an author always shows in self-analysis, that his personality was only faintly indicated in his books. In gauging that personality, therefore, we only follow the indication he has himself given when we throw aside his books altogether.

In estimating Victor Hugo's achievement and place in the world, we have, indeed, to follow the same course as has been found desirable in the case of an even greater figure of the nineteenth

century, Napoleon. We no longer study Napoleon by accepting the opinions of friends or foes, or by gazing at the map of Europe he changed so profoundly; we gather together all the illuminating facts we can find concerning the man, and so at last are learning to reach a reliable estimate of Napoleon's place in the world. And if we are to reach a reliable estimate of Hugo's achievement in literature we must likewise cast aside the empty and conflicting discussions of critics, and even for a time close his own books, to come to the man himself.

The initial fact that Hugo's work furnishes singularly little self-revelation of the more obvious kind is itself, one may note, very significant. A profound and almost instinctive secretiveness is everywhere characteristic of the peasant, and nowhere more so than in France, a fact which Balzac in "*Les Paysans*" and Zola in "*La Terre*" have powerfully illustrated. It is not difficult to account for. Sincerity marks the aristocrat, and secretiveness marks the plebeian, simply because force—which need not be secretive—is the traditional weapon of the lord, and cunning—which must be secretive—is the traditional weapon of the peasant. Now Hugo belonged to a race of peasants. He could never have performed his special work in the world if underneath all other elements in his nature there had not been ineradicably rooted the solid and primitive qualities of the French peasant. His grandfather sprang from people who, so far as is known, all cultivated the soil in Lorraine; this grandfather, however, took an upward step in the world, he became a joiner, and that he eminently represented the solid virtues of the



French artisan we may judge by the fact that he was "couronné" on the Fête des Epoux in 1797; all the relations at this time, one notes, were the same. Even in 1831, when still a becoming artisans, craftsmen, small tradesmen—bakers, hairdressers, boot-makers, and so on. From his mother Victor Hugo inherited traditions which only intensified those that came through his father; on this side, indeed, we are not among peasants, but among the middle-class, but the stolid *bourgeois* virtues of these pious Breton maternal ancestors could only serve to emphasize the paternal traditions. We see at once the primary source of that plebeian self-concealment which is so marked in Victor Hugo's work. To call it insincerity is to misunderstand it, for so fundamental an instinct is a massive and solid quality, more allied to a virtue than to a vice, and without it we should certainly have had no Victor Hugo. Whenever we look below the surface of his work or his life we come on this solid rock of ancestral peasant and *bourgeois* nature. When M. Claretie called on Hugo in his old age he saw the "Petit Journal" lying about, and tells us that he was surprised, adding—sagaciously enough—that he could not tell why. The great poet might speak after the manner of Homer and Æschylus for others' pleasure; for his own pleasure he shared with the humblest of his countrymen a devotion to the "Petit Journal." In the same manner this enthusiastic patriot cautiously invested the large fortune he ultimately amassed in foreign stocks. For Victor Hugo poetry was not an everlasting self-revelation. This descendant of cultivators and craftsmen cultivated the great craft of poetry with the same honest, stolid, fundamentally impersonal spirit in which his forefathers had followed the crafts of carpentering, boot-making, or hair-dressing. Circumstances some-

times forced him to take up what on the surface seemed a revolutionary attitude, but his ideals always remained the same. Even in 1831, when still a young man, he wrote that his poems were "those of an honest, simple, serious man, who desires liberty, betterment and progress but at the same time with all due precautions and all due moderation;" and one seems to be listening to the immortal Homais. He displayed the moderation and domesticity of the plebeian Frenchman even in his vices; he was not faithful to his wife, but his devotion to his mistress endured for half a century. A genuinely romantic and aristocratic figure, such a person as Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, inheriting the blood and the temper of crusaders and templars, could never have played Victor Hugo's part in the world of literature or have wielded his influence. For that was needed all the shrewd caution, the stolid impenetrability, of the essential peasant.

So far I have said nothing of Hugo's father. It is obvious that when we have made clear in the poet's character the part played by the peasant, the craftsman, the bourgeois, we have only begun the analysis of his genius; we have only set down one of its elements, fundamental as that element may be. Hugo's father brings us to a further stage in his making. In this generation the Hugos seem to have abandoned their village associations, nearly all joined the army, and Joseph-Léopold-Sigisbert Hugo—his name alone indicates the swelling ambitions of the Hugo family, for he was the son of a simple Joseph Hugo—became a soldier at the age of fourteen, on the eve of the epoch-making year of 1789. He was extremely sensitive to the influences of the eventful days in which his youth was passed; he was affected by the nervous erethism so common at that period; at one time he changed his

name Léopold to Brutus. He became a lieutenant-general under Napoleon when generals were springing up from the ranks in all directions, and having written "*Mémoires*," in which his own virtues were emphasized, not without some violence to the actual facts, he died at the age of fifty-five. He was not a man of genius, but he was clearly a somewhat exceptional man; with him the Hugo family stepped outside the narrow parochial limit of those homely avocations and virtues in which its energies had during long ages been slowly built up, and took part in the life of the world, realizing the existence of ideas. Thus he leads us directly up to his famous son.

It was during the Brutus episode, when he was stationed at Nantes, that General Hugo met his future wife. Her name was Sophie Trébuchet, and she was the daughter of an old-fashioned Breton ship-builder; they were very royalist people and very religious, many of the feminine members of the family being Ursuline nuns. Sophie, though not religious, shared the royalist feelings of the family, but does not seem to have regarded this as any obstacle to her marriage with "Brutus." She is described as *petite* and *mignonne*, with hands and feet like a child's; she had no pleasure in nature nor any inquisitive desire for knowledge; altogether, a seemingly insignificant person who brought no obvious positive element to modify her son's paternal heredity, yet not without a certain individuality of her own, as shown not only by her freethinking tendencies, but also in a certain virile authority which later she came to acquire as a result of her husband's long absences, and which eventually culminated in a separation. Through her also came a certain element of nervous weakness which was by no means without significance. She is, again, significant from the fact of the difference of race; the more or less

Germanic people of Lorraine and the more or less Celtic people of Brittany represent the two most opposed elements in the population of France. Victor Hugo's mother, however characterless she may personally seem, brought to him the racial instincts of a poetry-loving and sea-faring people, which may well have served to give direction to the more active and fundamental elements furnished on the paternal side.

Moreover, the mere fact of marked difference of race, of a kind of cross-breeding, is itself a source of the varietal tendency, and cannot be passed over as a probable factor in the constitution of Victor Hugo's genius.

Two children, both sons, were the first born of this marriage, and both were large and robust infants. Seventeen months after the birth of the second, on the 26th of February, 1802, at Besançon, was born the third child, Victor. At this time his father was twenty-nine years of age and his mother thirty-one. For some time before the birth of this child his mother, we are told, was *singulièrement gênée*. Unlike his brothers, he was a small, delicate, puny child, and the doctor declared that he could never live; small and ugly, his mother described him, "no longer than a knife." This weakly tendency persisted through childhood, and was certainly an influence of the first order in turning the young Hugo's activities into imaginative rather than practical channels. He was melancholy and languid, frequently found in corners crying, for no cause in particular. At school he was the smallest child there, and special care had to be taken of him; he was under the care of the schoolmaster's daughter, and almost his earliest recollections were of being taken in the mornings into her bedroom and placed on the bed, where he watched her put on her stockings and

dress. This physical delicacy and languor was, however, only one aspect, though a significant aspect, of the silent, gentle, fragile child. On the other side he was reflective and intelligent, learning to read even before he was taught. His brain had gained through the inhibited activities of his body.

Yet it was Hugo's good fortune not to be permanently hampered by delicate health. On the contrary, when his early feebleness had performed its function by leading the shy and sensitive child into the path from which henceforth he could not retreat, eventually he acquired, and retained to the end, all the coarse robust vigor of his peasant ancestors. Rodin has remarked that there was much of the Hercules about Hugo, and in every description of his physical appearance and habits the strength and vigor of his constitution and appetites are emphasized. Germain Sée, who examined him at the age of seventy-six, declared that he had the body and organs of a man of forty. Until his last illness, when over eighty years of age, his health was always perfect. He slept like a child; he rose at six and was able to begin work at once, and it was no fatigue to him to write standing; he ate enormously, miscellaneous and rapidly, yet he never suffered from indigestion; his teeth could crush peach-stones; his beard, said the barber, was three times tougher than any one else's and destroyed all the razors; his eyesight was so keen that he could recognize friends from the top of Notre Dame, and that he never required glasses even in old age. His good humor, it need scarcely be added, was perfect, his gaiety colossal, and of Rabelaisian character. M. Dalou, the eminent sculptor, possesses a carefully made cast of Hugo's face, head and neck, taken shortly after death, and the cast has lately been studied by a

well-known anatomist, Dr. Papillault. Hugo was of full medium height, solid and thick-set, but so far as can be judged from the measurements of the head his brain was by no means above the average in size; his face was unduly large and broad as compared to the head, and gave an impression of very developed animality; there were many signs of lack of facial symmetry, and the lips and nose were thick, the eyes small. The poet was evidently conscious of the animality of his face and in his portraits was always accustomed to bend his head forward so that the forehead caught the light and looked very large, although in reality its dimensions were by no means remarkable.

At a very early age Victor Hugo began to see the world. He was scarcely six weeks old when he was taken by his parents to Corsica, Elba and neighboring places; a few years later he was in Rome. A more important journey, indeed one of the most decisive influences of his life, took place at the age of nine, when he accompanied his mother to Bayonne (here for the first time falling in love with a girl a little older than himself), and on into Spain. He was now just old enough to obtain impressions which, while not precise or accurate, were yet strong to affect his childish imagination, and acted as a powerful ferment, developing with energy of their own, and emerging later to give life to his work. Thirty years afterwards, when he saw once more the Spanish places he had known as a child, they seemed to him dull and commonplace.

Spain is not dull or commonplace even to-day, but Victor Hugo's experience was none the less significant. It was no accident that Spain, rather than France or Italy, should thus have exerted a definite influence on his childish imagination and on the shape and color of his future work. Spain is the

one European land in which the spirit of mediævalism still lives, in which the very atmosphere of old romance may still be breathed. Whether or not, as M. Mabilleau, one of his most penetrating critics, believes, he had a real affinity with the Spanish temperament, it was certainly the direct influence of Spain on this sensitive, moping child which moulded the romantic and mediæval movement in which Victor Hugo was the great protagonist.

The world of books soon began to open before the eyes of this eager receptive child. His rather Voltairian mother was not among those who think that books are dangerous, so the young Hugo was free to devour Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, "Faublas," Restif de la Bretonne, and at the same time that irresistible pushing ambition which in other forms had stirred in the immediately preceding generations of the Hugo family, began to make itself felt. It was characteristic that Chateaubriand, with his rhetoric, his sentiment and his exotic-color, was young Hugo's first idol. "I will be Chateaubriand or nothing," he said at fourteen, and at the same time gave himself up, as far as possible, to writing prose and verse stories, translations, odes, tragedies, epistles, elegies, idylls, epigrams. An accident which confined him to bed for some time served to foster the fever of poetic production, and at fifteen he was a laureate of the Academy.

These early years, from the age of puberty, when he first began to write, to the completion of adolescence, were of immense and permanent importance in their effects on Hugo's art. This child of a race of peasants and craftsmen, of laborious and impersonal workers, though circumstances had led him into a totally different field, still remained a craftsman, laborious and impersonal. The whole of his early work is in substance purely conventional; it reveals no personal emotion; even in

his enthusiasm for Chateaubriand he feels nothing of the breath of personal emotion in Chateaubriand; it is the exotic *décor* which attracts him. Young Hugo had instinctively made poetry his craft, and he treated it strictly in the spirit of the craftsman. Even when, after adolescence was over—and possibly under the stress of his mother's death, and his love for Adèle Foucher, who afterwards became his wife—his work really became more emotional, this element always remained a little bald, a little thin. Behind the magnificent products of his poetic craft, the artist himself was content to possess a very simple and modest stock of personal emotions, quite commonplace emotions, which the humblest of his fellow-citizens could share.

We have to bear this in mind when we are tempted to charge Victor Hugo with insincerity. There have been some poets who have concentrated in their works the quintessence of their personal emotion, who have cast the most intimate experiences of their lives to be crushed as grapes in the wine-press of their art. Victor Hugo had no sort of affinity with such poets. It was not merely that he was far too shrewd, at bottom far too stolidly self-possessed, to be anxious to subject himself to any such violently disintegrating process. Not only was the impulse absent but, it may be said, the necessity for it was also absent. Hugo had acquired so splendid a mastery of his craft that a very small modicum of personal emotion was amply sufficient to set the craftsman at work, and the emotion was transformed into objective art, vast and exuberant, long before it could attain—even if it had the capacity to attain—any high or specialized degree of intensity. Thus it was that while at the periphery of his immense activities he fascinated his admirers by a splendor of utterance that seemed to them to rival Homer or

Æschylus, in the centre the possessor of this *âme aux mille voix* was seated in Olympian calm with "Le Petit Journal" beside him. To describe such an attitude as insincere is to misunderstand it altogether.

On the intellectual side Hugo was equally limited and equally sincere. He accepted with great seriousness his own mission as a thinker and a moralist, and with an easy and off-hand manner he flung about jargon terms from metaphysics or science and the names of remote historical personages. But at every step he plunges into absurdity, and an intelligent schoolgirl can see through his science and his erudition. Probably no poet of equal eminence has ever been so far below the higher level of his day in intellectual equipment. Renouvier, the distinguished philosopher, who is an enthusiastic admirer, at the same time devotes a chapter of his book on "Victor Hugo le Poète" to his "Ignorance et Absurdité." It is to the limited character of his emotions and his small intellectual equipment—combined with immense self-confidence—that we must attribute that *sentiment de faux* which Renouvier, again, notes as marked in Hugo's work. The soul at the centre of the great embodied voice is quite inadequate to the vast constructions it calls into being, so that in all his work there is a certain unreality, a certain lack of correspondence to the actual facts of nature. Yet these limitations were the necessary conditions for the attainment of the special qualities which Hugo's work displayed in so high a degree. The primitive and myth-making character of his imagination, the tendency to regard metaphors as real, and to accept them as the basis of his mental constructions and doctrines, these tendencies, which Hugo shared with the savage, are dependent on rudimentary emotions and a high degree of ignorance regarding the pre-

cise relationship of things. Hugo's defects were an essential element of his qualities.

Every poet must have a mind that is predominantly auditive. Hugo was certainly indifferent to music, and could not sing a single note correctly. But an ear for music and an ear for verse are two quite distinct forms of the auditory mind, and the absence of one in no degree interferes with a very high development of the other. Every poet must have a developed ear, whatever sense may come next in development. To be a poet at all argues a predominant delight in verbal melody, and this Hugo possessed in the highest degree; he was very careful of sonority and consonance, of syllabic harmonies, a master of rhythm and cadence; for notwithstanding that at certain points he broke through the rules of classic verse he retained a horror of license and was a strict upholder of law in verse as in grammar. In Hugo's case vision was unquestionably the sense that came second, so closely following his ear in importance that some have declared it must be put first. That can scarcely be confirmed, but certainly vision modified and moulded the whole of Hugo's art. In his early formative years the vision was purely verbal and without any basis in actual observation, but during 1826 and 1827, after his tour in Switzerland, and when he had acquired the habit of going out in the evenings to study the sunset effects around Paris, the vision quality of his imagination began to become precise and self-conscious, and it developed with increasing years. It was during 1826 and 1827 that he wrote the "Orientales," and the idea of that volume came to him while gazing at a sunset. If we examine into the special qualities of Hugo's vision we find that it is above all a sensibility to light and shade, whiteness and blackness, the opposition of sunshine and obscurity.



It would seem that even the love of antithesis, which became eventually a marked and one might almost say morbid defect of his style, was really based on this sensory delight in the opposition of light and shade. There are no signs of any delicate sensibility to color in his work. Although color is by no means absent it is not finely seen color, but usually a delight in violent contrast, and really, one may say, a special case of the antithetic opposition of light and shade. The extreme predominance of white and black in Hugo's work is brought out by an analysis of his color words. I have made such an analysis in the case of a large number of poems from the "Orientales," the "Feuilles d'Automne" and the "Chants du Crépuscule." In the order of decreasing frequency the chief color words are found to be white (including "argent") and black, both equally frequent to within one unit; then follow red (including a considerable variety of words), golden (and yellow), blue (and azure), green, finally at some distance purple, and lastly gray. So numerous are those color words which really indicate the simple opposition of light and shade, that if we separate out the white, black and golden groups we find that they considerably outnumber all the other color words taken together. Such a result throws a very significant light on Hugo's psychology, and is absolutely different from that which we obtain when examining the work of either of the two great French poets who have followed Hugo. In Baudelaire, indeed, there is the same abnormal predominance of black, but in his case it is an index of temperament and less a seen black than a felt darkness, nor is it accompanied by any antithetic whiteness, while in Verlaine, the poet of *nuance*, both blackness and whiteness sink into the background and gray becomes predominant.

Hugo's tendency always to visualize his imagery precisely is easy to trace through his work. As one of his critics has pointed out, even sounds are sometimes in his hands described in terms of vision. The intense reality of vision, of the image, of the metaphor, lay at the foundation of all his mental constructions. For Hugo, as for the savage, the image evoked the idea, and was regarded as a sufficiently adequate cause of the idea. That, indeed, is the source of the primitive power and charm of Hugo's work. But it could only have arisen in a mind that was at once very acutely affected by vision and very deficient in the reserve of intellectual ideas which in the ordinary educated civilized man controls and modifies the impressions furnished by sight.

An indication of Hugo's tendency to regard the world as a vision is seen in his spontaneous and late-evolved love of sketching. Those amateurish drawings which he loved to execute—mostly fantastic old-world dreams of architecture—clearly illustrate his delight in white and black, in light and shade, and may well be described by two of the favorite adjectives which he often abused, "sombre" and "mystérieux." Even more significantly, perhaps, we find his visual sense illustrated by his handwriting. Nearly all his manuscripts are in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and they have been carefully studied by Paul and Victor Glachant. At first his handwriting was slight and small, seeming to betray a sort of physical timidity, but during the course of his career it swells and rises, becomes almost hieratic; to a writer of the first order, he seems to say to himself, must belong writing of the first order, and to do justice to this writing he latterly always used thick blue paper of vast folio form.

This gradual expansion of Hugo's handwriting is significant, not only

of the gradual expansion of his own self-conscious personality, but one may indeed say, of the whole history of the Hugo family. Beginning very humbly as peasant cultivators of the soil, the Hugos went on rising and swelling in their upward ambition through three generations to reach the inevitable goal of insanity. We seem to trace already a faint indication of coming mental disequilibrium in the pompous baptismal name of Hugo's father (such names, it is well recognized, being very significant of a tendency to mental unbalance) and the career of "Brutus" Hugo himself, also shows such traces. Actual insanity seems first to appear, however, in Victor Hugo's own generation; his elder brother, Eugène (the brother nearest in age to himself), who was warmly attached to him, sharing all his tastes but not his genius, went mad on the very day of Victor's wedding, and remained in an asylum until his death some years later. Victor Hugo's own daughter, Adèle, was ultimately consigned to an asylum, and others of his children have shown signs of mental anomaly. Victor Hugo himself, however, though thus as it were surrounded by insanity, always remains unquestionably sane. He seems to have found a safe anchorage, partly in the immense and acquired pride of his own apostolic mission, and partly in the congenital inheritance of peasant stolidity which was so liberally bestowed on him. His pride was indeed abnormal and almost morbid. It forced him to be at every moment, as he himself put it, "a torch" to humanity, to deny himself the pleasures of friendship since friendship could only be between equals, to become impervious to ridicule, to develop into a great master of *réclame*. But at the same time, it may well be, this pride served to give him serenity and equipoise, to balance the tendencies of his poetic temperament and so to guard him from that

fate to which his brother succumbed. A curious proof of the beneficial effect which his pride had is still extant; like many others who live on the borderland of the abnormal, Hugo could write verse automatically, as he discovered at the age of fifty, by means of a spirit-rapping table. To some unbalanced persons this discovery would have been fatal; not so to Hugo; he never even published any of these verses, partly, as he said, out of respect for the mystery—for he took the phenomenon very seriously, being always credulous where the supernatural was concerned—but partly, as he added, out of respect for his own inspiration. Not only by his pride was he safeguarded, but also, it must be repeated, by that large share of peasant and bourgeois temperament which on both sides he had inherited in such peculiarly large measure. He was always, one might almost say by hereditary instinct, a great craftsman rather than a great artist. "If we take a higher idea of the artist and his art," remarks Hugo's enthusiastic admirer, M. Renouvrier, "than that which attaches to skill of execution we must say that Victor Hugo was not a pure artist." The philosopher's observation is true and subtle. We have but to think of the English lyric poet who was drowned in the Mediterranean within a few days of the publication of the "Odes et Ballades" to realize the difference between the artist whose whole personality was fused into his work and the craftsman who indeed developed his craft on a scale of magnificence never before achieved in poetry, but yet remained a craftsman, strictly outside the high-strung rhetoric he produced, finding his own personal comfort and support in "Le Petit Journal."

At the outset I alluded to Napoleon. When we survey the career of Victor Hugo and the various factors which, as we have seen, went to the constitution

of his genius, it is difficult not to be reminded at many points of Napoleon's career and genius. Both were great conquerors in the fields they had chosen for the display of their energies, both made a great stir in the world, and both, having left their own mark on it, saw their direct influence speedily swept away by their successors. They were alike in being men of low birth who fought their own way unaided; they were alike in their pride and ambition, and overweening sense

*The Fortnightly Review.*

of their own mission; they were both great forces rather than lovable personalities; they both lived on the verge of insanity, and perhaps both were saved from falling over by that element of commonplace vulgarity which both alike possessed. It may seem to some that such an analysis as has here been attempted tends to belittle an imposing man of genius. In reality it reveals an underlying affinity between the two greatest craftsmen, the two supreme figures, of nineteenth-century France.

*Havelock Ellis.*

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### THE GREAT CANALS OF THE WORLD.

The excessive freight-rates levied by the railway companies are causing commercial men to turn their attention to the canal as a means of transport; and it may be that in the near future prosperity will return to our neglected waterways.

At a time when Holland had completed its magnificent system of water communication, and when Germany, France and Russia had opened up lines of inland communication, England had not cut a single canal!

True, the earliest canals in England were constructed by the Romans in Lincolnshire, one of them, the Foss Dyke, still being navigable; but as a recognized means of transit we must look to the enterprise of the Duke of Bridgewater, who initiated the construction of the canal named after him. The difficulties of commerce in this country at that time are aptly stated by Green the historian: "The new lines of trade lay often along mere country lanes which had never been more than horse-tracks; much of the woollen trade, therefore, had to be carried on by means of long trains of pack-horses,

heavier goods, such as coal, being impracticable."

The canal solved the difficulty. The energy of Bridgewater, combined with the genius of Brindley the engineer, gave an impetus to canal-making in the country. In 1767 Manchester was joined to Liverpool by a canal which crossed the Irwell on a lofty aqueduct. The coal and iron industries grew with enormous rapidity, and very soon three thousand miles of canals were established.

Canal transit has fallen into disuse nowadays, yet it might still have been an important factor in the carrying of goods had it not been for faults in the early construction of waterways. Instead of being walled, according to modern methods, nearly all the old canals were made with the sides sloping towards the middle. Thus, from London to Liverpool *via* the Shropshire Union Canal, the maximum load carried is twenty-five tons, whereas if the canal were in good condition, an additional five-ton load could be carried. Another great hindrance is the lack of inter-communication, due to the want

of a common gauge. In England and Wales scarcely two canals correspond in this respect.

Some old Canal Acts gave the companies the right to construct railways (for horse-traction) as feeders to the canals for goods and minerals. The Trent and Mersey Navigation Company, in 1776, built one from Froghall to Caldon in Staffordshire. The Grand Junction Company and the Monmouthshire Canal Company exercised similar powers. Thus the disasters which befell many companies arose from the means of transport which they were the first to adopt by statute.

The total mileage of canals in England is three thousand and fifty, in Scotland one hundred and fifty-four, and in Ireland six hundred and nine. As a rule the English canals are narrow and the Irish broad.

The Manchester Ship Canal is one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. In all it is thirty-five and a half miles long, and its total cost was £15,000,000. It starts at Eastham, on the left bank of the Mersey, and terminates at Trafford Bridge, Manchester. Along its course are several swing and fixed bridges. At Barton there is a swing aqueduct, along which the Bridgewater Canal is carried, a hydraulic lift affording communication between the two canals.

Improvements recently completed in the river Weaver navigation at a cost of £70,000 have made that river one of the finest waterways in the kingdom—in fact, second in importance to the Manchester Canal. Two new swing bridges erected at Northwich, at an outlay of £25,000, are the first in the country to be worked by electricity. As a result of the improvements, vessels of four hundred tons will be able to navigate the river direct to Liverpool of Manchester. It is worthy of note that the Weaver navigation has always

successfully competed with the railways for heavy goods traffic.

In France there are already three thousand miles of canals. Many of these are free; and the cost of construction, improvement and maintenance is paid by the State. By a law of 1879, uniformity of depth will ultimately be secured throughout the main waterways of the Republic, enabling boats of three hundred tons, with a six-foot draught, to navigate them.

The canals of Belgium and Holland were introduced in the twelfth century and are, as in France, owned by the State. In striking contrast to the narrowness of English waterways, those in Belgium, notably one from Ostend to Bruges, are magnificent for the spaciousness of their proportions. Amsterdam and Rotterdam are intersected by canals. The Amsterdam Ship-Canal was constructed in ten years, at a cost of £2,600,000 and is sixteen and a half miles long. A splendid outlet to the North Sea is thus afforded to the trade of the town, sea-going vessels of large tonnage being able to navigate with ease. The material dredged from the lakes was utilized in constructing the banks of the canal, a considerable portion of land being reclaimed.

The canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, though but four miles in length, took over ten years to construct, and cost between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000. It has a depth of twenty-six and a quarter feet, and at both ends jetties have been built out into the sea for protection. A canal across the Isthmus was actually commenced at the time of Nero, of which traces are still to be found.

The Baltic Canal is sixty miles long, twenty-eight feet deep, and has locks at both ends. It starts from Holtenau on the Baltic, near Kiel, and, using a portion of the Elder, joins the Elbe at Brunsbüttel. This undertaking cost £8,000,000.

The Russians have connected the Volga and Neva by canal, admitting vessels of one thousand tons. An undertaking in the near future is the connection of the Volga and the Don, by means of which the Black Sea would be opened. The canal would be about thirty-five miles long, and its estimated cost £4,000,000. Sea-going vessels can reach St. Petersburg by the St. Petersburg and Cronstadt Ship-Canal, about twenty miles in length.

A scheme is projected in Austria whereby over a thousand miles of navigable waterways are to be constructed by the State, with the co-operation of the provinces and towns, in particular Vienna and Prague, which are to provide proportionate contributions. A total sum of £30,000,000 will be spent on the undertaking.

The mention of Venice, the Water City, is ever associated with its Grand Canal and the numerous tributary waterways. These side canals are gloomy and sombre in the extreme. "The walls echo as you pass with all sorts of ghostly whisperings. They drip with damp, and a noisome smell rises from the festering water; and the splash of the oar creates hollow reverberations in the black, dismal cavities that yawn on either side." The gondolier will take you anywhere, in his own leisurely fashion. Everybody is at leisure in Venice, except the tourist. Even the heavily laden market-boats drift lazily along, and the black barge with silver fringes, carrying its dead to San Michele, passes along as silently as its lifeless burden, save perhaps for the low, monotonous tones of the attendants chanting in prayer. The Grand Canal is a famous subject with artists and poets. One of Turner's Venetian masterpieces, now in the possession of the Vanderbilts, is valued at £20,000.

The Panama Canal was commenced, under the auspices of M. de Lesseps, with the intention of cutting across the

Isthmus of Panama, and thus connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, its projected length being forty-seven miles. A deadly climate, immense natural difficulties, scandal and bribery, and a sum of not less than 12,000,000 francs already lost in the enterprise involved the concern in ruin. Disused cranes and engines, uninhabited huts, and nameless graves have for a long time marked the site of the Panama Canal. The completion of the scheme may, however, be but a question of time.

The Americans have warmly championed a rival scheme, by a canal through Nicaragua, one hundred and seventy miles long. This, though nearly four times longer than Panama Canal, has natural advantages in an inland lake and utilization of San Juan River. The most serious difficulties in the way of this undertaking are the extraordinary rainfall in the country traversed by the canal and the character of the rock through which some parts of the cutting will have to be carried. On the Caribbean coast the annual rainfall averages more than twenty-two feet, and on the Pacific side about six and a half feet. In 1889 the work was commenced; but it has been stopped more than once through lack of funds. Its completion is a subject of much interest both in the States and in this country; the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and the placing of the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission in the hands of President Roosevelt in November, 1901, revived fresh interest in this great undertaking.

The latest route for an isthmus canal suggested by our American cousins is that between Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel, southeast of Panama. The distance is only thirty-seven miles, and there are good harbors at both ends. The physical condition of the district is considered suitable,



though danger is feared from malarial swamps.

The Erie Canal connects Lake Erie with the Hudson River, and is part of a great system of waterways over six hundred and forty miles long, owned by the State of New York.

Canada has for ten years been engaged in a big canal scheme. The canals owned by the Government are not available for vessels of more than nine feet draught; but now the completion of the scheme has opened an immense waterway between the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and Montreal, admitting ships of fourteen-feet draught. The establishment of the immense steel-making plant of at least two companies—the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Nova Scotia Steel Company (the capital of which is held by British investors)—will enable them to become formidable rivals to American firms, with whom Canada has been a large customer. The Dominion Coal Company each season ships two million tons of coal. The enlargement of Canada's canal will thus be a great factor in the distribution of ore and coal; and Sydney (Cape Breton) gives promise of shortly ranking among the great shipping ports of the world. A Canadian writer gives it as the generally accepted opinion that Sydney will soon be heard of in the British iron and steel market. Canada as yet cannot take all the steel that will be produced by these two great concerns on Sydney Harbor. The tariff of the United States will prevent the steel from going there; so that much of the product of the furnaces and rolling-mills must eventually find its way from Sydney to Great Britain, and to the British colonies in Africa and Australasia. For export trade the Sydney plants should be able to compete with Pittsburgh. The coal is as near to Sydney as to Pittsburgh, and Sydney has a great advantage in a short all-water route for the ore.

Sydney has long waited for the trade for which its splendid harbor is so admirably adapted. At last it is about to obtain that trade, and Sydney will soon have a great shipping industry peculiarly its own, due to its prominence as a coal and iron port. This canal will likewise have an important bearing on the shipbuilding industry of the Dominion. Hitherto the Toronto shipyards have been handicapped in the building of steel ships for coasting trade, fishing patrol services, etc., British yards having supplied the necessary vessels. Canada can now build her own commercial fleet.

The Suez Canal, ninety-five miles in length, is one of the best—certainly one of the most useful—waterways. The Egyptians were celebrated for their great works, which included canal-making. Rameses II, in 1300 B.C., is said to have started the first canal connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. Six hundred years later Nechos undertook the work, wasting one hundred and twenty thousand lives in the project. At various periods the Pharaohs, the Romans and the Caliphs shared in the enterprise. Napoleon, when in Egypt, in 1798, unearthed some remains of the old canal of the Pharaohs.

The modern Suez Canal was opened on 17th November, 1869. The task was one fraught with great disadvantages to the promoters of the scheme. Workshops and machinery had to be set up in the desert. Enormous dredgers were used, one hundred and ten feet in length, twenty-seven feet beam, having seventy-five horse-power, and costing £20,000 each. These machines carried off from two thousand to three thousand cubic metres of earth a day. The sixty machines at work extracted two million cubic metres monthly.

About a year after the opening of the canal the company was seriously pressed for money. On 23d November,

1875, the Khedive announced his willingness to dispose of his shares (numbering 176,602) to the English Government for £4,000,000. Two days after an agreement was signed, and an arrangement made with Messrs. Rothschild to find £1,000,000 sterling by 1st December and the remaining millions in January and February. On the 1st January, 1876, four zinc cases containing the shares were deposited in the Bank of England, "to the orders of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Baron Rothschild," and thus the English nation became shareholders. Subsequent events have proved the wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield's purchase.

Owing to the increased tonnage of present-day liners, the depth of the Suez Canal channel is to be increased to thirty feet, the installation of electric light permitting of night traffic on the canal. About two years ago the Khedive, with great ceremony, unveiled a monument to Ferdinand de Lesseps at Port Said, in the presence of the diplomatic agents, Egyptian Ministers and officials, besides hundreds of guests of all nationalities. English, French, American, Italian, Austrian and Danish warships were in port. The Khedive delivered a speech eulogizing the work of the founder of the canal, and saying how greatly Egypt had benefited therefrom.

The Imperial Canal of China is one thousand miles in length. That curious empire, with its antiquated customs and its repudiation of Western ideas, is dependent, save for a very few miles of railway on the sea-board, on the wheelbarrow and the waterway for its means of locomotion. Life in a Chinese house-boat is not devoid of interest or even of excitement, but it can scarcely be deemed comfortable. Your boat will probably contain two rooms, about eight feet square and six feet high, comprising bedroom, dining-room and storage; the covering being made

of plaited bamboo, and varnished. Progress is very slow, the boatmen resting at will and evincing no desire to hasten matters. The locks on the canal are a source of considerable annoyance and danger to the traveller. The boats are drawn through by means of bamboo ropes worked by a windlass. Frequently the boat is found to be too heavily laden, necessitating partial unloading before the passage of the lock can be effected. Some twenty men will then try to pull the boat through, whilst others stand on the banks beating gongs to drive away evil spirits! With a strong, rushing current the rope will sometimes snap, and the boat plunge, speedily fill and go to the bottom. If you escape you will doubtless feel disposed to accept with complacency the loss of personal belongings.

Several canal schemes, some practical, others fanciful, have from time to time been suggested. One of the most novel is that from the Atlantic in the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean Sea. A few years ago a French engineer published a statement of estimates, from which we gather that the projected canal would be three hundred and twenty miles long, one hundred and forty-four to two hundred and fifteen feet broad, and from twenty-eight to thirty-three feet deep. It would contain twenty-two locks, and the cost of making it would be £27,000,000. This means practically the enlargement of the canal constructed in France in 1666-81, having a depth of only six and a half feet.

A suggestion has been made for shortening the route to the east coast of India by three hundred and fifty miles, by cutting through the island of Rameswaram, and making a channel through the Gulf of Manaar and Palk Strait, not at present navigable.

A proposal which will probably be carried out is that for a canal through the Isthmus of Perekop, thus connect-

ing the Black Sea with the Sea of Azov, on the landward side of the Crimea.

Another (impracticable) scheme proposed in  
Chambers's Journal.

poses to convert the Sahara Desert, or a part of it into an inland sea by cutting a canal from the Mediterranean.

*George A. Angus.*

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### HIS LAST LETTER.

[This letter came into my hands among the papers of the late eminent judge, Sir John Molland, whose standard work upon "The Law of Domicile" has made his name familiar to every student of English jurisprudence. The writer was his elder brother, Colonel Molland, of the East India Company's Service, who was in command of the 115th Bengal Native Infantry, when they mutinied at Sigrapore on their march to Delhi. Colonel Molland was one of the few officers who escaped on that occasion; he subsequently served with great distinction at the siege of Delhi, and was killed, in the assault on that city, at the head of the column which carried the Water Bastion. Miss Danvers, who is mentioned in the letter, afterwards made a very brilliant marriage, and was a prominent figure in London society some forty years or so ago.—J. B. H.]

The Ridge before Delhi,  
September 13th, 1857.

My Dear Jack,

Our correspondence of late years has been so very intermittent, through my own fault, no doubt, for I have no wish at the present moment to say anything which can, by any possibility, be twisted into a reproach—so you may be sure that, if I thought you were in the least to blame for it, I should not make any allusion to the subject; but it has been so very intermittent that you will, perhaps, be surprised to hear from me now.

You will be still more surprised, when you learn the especial distinction I am conferring on you; for this epistle,

wildly scrawled with a stumpy quill, by the light of one wretched candle perpetually spluttering with frizzling flies, will probably be my last effort at prose composition.

The General has at last made up his mind, or had it made up for him—it doesn't make much difference which—to prefer a chance of defeat to the certainty. We assault to-morrow at daybreak, instead of waiting till the sick-list, which has already reduced our effective strength by one half, has grown big enough to absorb the whole of his command. We assault, I say, to-morrow at daybreak, and we've got to win—we shall win, unless the Pandies shoot straight enough to account for every man in our force, because from what I've seen of our fellows, I am convinced there is no way to beat them except by exterminating them. To-morrow, I repeat, we must and shall be masters of Delhi; but, how many of us will be left to congratulate ourselves on that victory is another question, and one upon which I am not at all prepared, or inclined, to prophesy. There is a grim suggestiveness about the orders we shall have to read to the men presently, when they parade: "No man shall leave the ranks to attend to the wounded. The wounded, officers and men alike, must remember that, if we are victorious, they shall receive every possible attention at the earliest opportunity; if we fail, wounded and unwounded must, alike, prepare for the worst." But we shall

not fall, we cannot afford to fail; the lives of all the Europeans between Peshawur and Calcutta depend on our carrying the city to-morrow, and we will carry it. The odds are, as nearly as we can calculate, five to one against us, and the five are fighting from behind stone walls; but we have right, British pluck and Nicholson on our side, and that more than evens the odds.

I trust that England will some day realize and appreciate the work that our little army has been, and is, doing here. For nearly three months they have been fighting, every day and most of every day, against tremendous odds. They have only laid aside their muskets to labor with pick and shovel in the trenches, till they dropped from sheer fatigue. Fever, dysentery and cholera have laid their grip on one man out of every two, but there is no complaining, and there is no giving in. I cannot sum up their exploits better than by saying that I shall start for the fearful ordeal of to-morrow in absolute confidence that some of us will stand in the King's Palace as conquerors. But, who among us, and how many? And I can hardly count upon being one.

Nor can I say that I mind about myself very much. Of course, life is dear to every man, and I am sorry for the grief it will cause to so many of you at home; but my heart broke when the dear old regiment mutinied. Oh, Jack! How could they? How could they? When I think of all they had endured and wrought together—of those forced marches in 1845, so nobly borne—of that night of overwrought waiting on the field of Ferozeshah, when, amid the heaps of still bleeding slain, friend and foe sank to rest within pistol-shot of each other—of that resolute advance through the baffling jungle at Chillianwallah—of all the varied incidents of the fifteen years I have spent with the

colors in peace and war—how could they? How could they? I grow almost hysterical when I think about them, but I won't cross out what I've written, so that you may know that if I do fall to-morrow, you must not grieve for me, as for one taken from life when it was sweet to him. But, please God, I sha'n't get my death from a 115th musket! That would be a little too hard on me, when there are thirty other regiments of mutineers in Delhi.

Perhaps you are surprised at my picking you out to receive this "last dying speech and confession," since, gloze it over as you will, that is what it amounts to; but one of my chief reasons for doing so is because I haven't heard from you lately. You can have no idea what a torture my English letters have been to me for the past four months. Of course it wasn't the writers' fault; they didn't know what they were doing, and could never have guessed that, by writing in high spirits, they were not doing their best to keep me in high spirits too; but there has been something supremely horrible in their cheerful, prattling gossip about dances and concerts and such things, at a time when we never went to bed without expecting that our bungalows would be ablaze before morning.

If you had to watch by the deathbed of a dear old friend, you would not like the people next door to choose that night to give a dance; and English India, since the storm burst at Meerut, has been one vast chamber of death, where, however, the watchers cannot count on a much longer life than the dying. I can assure you, Jack, during the terrible ordeal of this summer, my home-letters have been more of a pain than a pleasure to me.

Don't think that I am one whit less fond of you. I love you all as much as ever, from Aunt Elspeth in her moss-grown Galloway manse, to Jessie's la-

test infant phenomenon in her smart *bassinette*; but, one and all, they have got upon my nerves to a frightful extent—though, on that score, it is the merest justice to acquit Jessie's baby and her immediate contemporaries—while they thought they were cheering the lonely hours of my Indian exile; but if they had only known! The day I got Jessie's minute account of Madge's wedding, I saw the murdered bodies of poor Duberfield's wife and child lying by the still glowing ashes of his bungalow; on the day which brought me Nellie's "full, true and particular" narrative of the Brendons' fancy-dress ball, we buried Tom Hardy, the brightest, jolliest subaltern who ever neglected his regimental duties to go pig-sticking. The contrast of their frivolous gaieties at home with the deadly earnestness of our struggle for life out here has thrown me out of touch and sympathy with my usual home-correspondents. I know it's foolish of me; they meant nothing but what was kind and loving, and for the world I would not have them know what I feel; but, as I said, I'm thrown out of touch with them, and I can't sit down and write to them as fully and frankly as I should like just now; so I'm writing to you.

I can see you, dear old Jack, with a suspicious, Old Bailey sort of smile curling up the corners of your legal mouth, as you say to yourself, "He must be very much in a corner, before he's driven to plead such a lame excuse as that;" but it is my real motive, or, if I have another, it doesn't weigh with me so much, at least I don't think it does, and I've no reason for attempting to deceive you *now*. But I do not see why I need be ashamed of the other reason even if it were my only one, which, as I've already told you, it isn't.

I rather gathered from some expressions Mrs. Jack—I will not say "your

wife," because I want to dissociate you as much as possible from the opinions which you must teach her not to hold—from some expressions Mrs. Jack used in her last letter, that she was inclined to think that Mary Danvers had treated me badly, when I was over in England on furlough. I don't want to turn mawkish or sentimental, so I won't appeal to any touching recollections of our earlier years, but, if we were ever good friends, Jack—and I cannot remember our ever having been anything else—don't let her think so. What's the good of a husband, if he can't make his wife think as he does? If I fall tomorrow—and the sound of the jackals howling over the carnage of the last sortie reminds me of the likelihood of such an issue without at all increasing my appetite for it—but if I fall, do not allow your wife to let any memory of me come between her and the bravest and unluckiest girl in the world, who has no other friend left; because I am not worth it—whatever the partiality of friends and relations may lead them to think about me, I am not worth it. Besides, I owe Mary Danvers a great deal more pleasure than pain; I owe her some pain, I confess, but it was of my own seeking, whereas the pleasure she bestowed upon me was her own free gift.

Yes, after all this preamble, Jack, I have arrived, at last, at something honest and definite; perhaps, the real, sole object of this letter. I don't want to spend this last night telling my relatives that I love them—I trust they know that—or promising them to try and do my duty—I hope they will take that for granted; but I do beg of you to be kind to Mary Danvers for my sake. If I live to see her again, which, of course, is possible, and if she would accept it, which is most improbable, all I possess should be hers; so, at least, let me leave her the one legacy she will not refuse and which she so sorely



needs, the friendship of all who will befriend her for my sake; and first among that number, Jack, I trust I may reckon you and your wife.

It was not her fault! It was not her fault! If I thought that repetition would bring that truth home to you, I would go on writing it like a text in a copy-book, till the time for falling-in. It really was not her fault.

How was she to guess, in the innocence of her seventeen years, that the withered, gray-moustachioed, middle-aged Indian soldier could care for her, except as an uncle, or, at the utmost, as a father. So she accepted all my attentions with a frank unquestioning affection, which bore as much resemblance to love on the surface, as it was fatally and hopelessly different from it in reality; and, when the true state of affairs revealed itself to her, as if an earthquake had opened the ground before her feet, it hurt her even more than it hurt me; and, God knows, it hurt me badly enough.

Be kind to Mary, Jack, and don't be jealous of her, even if, this last night, my thoughts do turn to her in preference to all my home-circle. She has come in between me and them, and blotted them all out, but she never wished to do anything of the kind; it's only my folly which has placed her on a pedestal, where she shuts out all the rest of the world from my eyes. My folly—but, after all, Jack, it's a folly I wouldn't change for wisdom. I ask for no better company in my tent to-night than my memories of her—of the quiet, rather plain, sharp-nosed little girl with flowing hair, whom Lady Turnbull brought to the Hospital concert—of the very shy and silent *débütante* in white, whom your wife committed to my charge at that ball of yours, with the request that I would see that she got plenty of partners—of the unconventional jolly little maiden who stayed with you that summer at

Combe-Martin. If it were not for the sounds outside, which warn me that the men are getting their arms ready for the great hazard of to-morrow, I could almost fancy myself back at Combe-Martin now.

Those sweet and bitter days at Combe-Martin! There was one hat she used to wear there, a perfectly bewitching hat; I could never see her in it, without feeling an almost irresistible desire to clasp her in my arms, and claim her as mine against all the world. Indeed, at last I had to caution her, to tell her never to wear that particular hat when she was going out with me. "Why? Don't you think it's pretty?" "Oh, yes, pretty enough." "Then, why shouldn't I wear it?" "I can't tell you; some day perhaps you'll know, or at least guess." I wonder if she recollects that conversation; it was enigmatical enough to fix itself in any one's memory. But how trivial all this is, and what dreadful drivel it must sound to you, Jack!

Still, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of setting down one more picture of her in black and white. It was the day before I sailed, when I forgot everything, my years, my life of exile, her position—I must have been a brute to have forgotten that—and spoke. Her cry of genuine misery and horror—"What do you mean? I never thought of that!"—is ringing in my ears still; even now I can see her bent over the arm of the big chair in your study, sobbing as if her heart would break. No! Mary Danvers never treated me badly; I treated her selfishly, brutally—fiendishly, if you like—I, the man, who should have kept pain from her, the woman—I, who would gladly have died to save her a single pang.

But it is best as it is. We must march up the beach to-morrow without casting a look back over our shoulders at the world we may never see again. There is an empire to redeem, there are

lives, hundreds of lives, of our countrymen and countrywomen in imminent peril. Many there are among us who will find it bitterly hard to turn their backs forever on wife, on children, on home; had I any prospect of winning Mary's love, the world would seem too bright for me to quit, without such a regret as we, the *enfants perdus* of British rule in India, must not allow ourselves to feel.

My time grows short now, and this candle is guttering its last. Good-bye, dear, dear old Jack! Be kind to Mary Danvers; she is my dying charge to you. Give my love to all at home, from the Scotch aunts to Jessie's won-

Macmillan's Magazine.

derful infant, of whom I have heard so much, but whom I shall never see. If they like to add my name to the family tablet in the old church at home let them carve after it "Fell at Delhi" and nothing more; no man could ask for a nobler epitaph.

Please ask your wife to let Mary know—if she thinks it will not hurt her too much—that my love for her has never changed, and never could change, and that I thank the providence of Heaven that has let me know and feel her excellence. And don't forget that I owe her nothing but good.

The men are falling-in.

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### SEA FEVER.

I must down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;  
And the wind's song, and the wheel's kick, and the white sail's  
shaking,  
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that cannot be denied.  
And all I ask is a high wind and white clouds flying  
And green seas and blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,  
To the spindrift and the whale's spout and wind like a whetted  
knife,

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

The Speaker.

John Masefield.

## PRISCILLA'S POACHING.

My name is Priscilla Chute, and I am a poacher. But I do not think that I could have done otherwise, and under the same circumstances I would certainly do it again. It was partly the fault of the Boer War, partly of the failure of a large commercial corporation, and surely I am not to blame for either.

The Chutes and the Baldrans have lived at Fleetham Regis since the days of the Stuarts—the Chutes at Blackstead and the Baldrans at the Hall. The Baldrans own the land all round; the Chutes have always been rolling stones, and gathered very little moss—indeed, they say at Fleetham, “The Chutes only come home to die.” Most of them failed to do even that; fighting or by fever, they have died all over the world, and their graves are high-tide marks of the British Empire. We know, if any one does, that “on the bones of the English the English flag is stayed.”

When I was a child there were six of us at Blackstead; five boys, two brothers and three cousins, and myself. During their holidays they teased me a great deal and bullied me a little; but I learned to do most things that boys do—I am even a quite decent feather-weight boxer—and some things that many boys have no chance of doing. In the house my mother ruled us; out of it “them little Chute devils” were known for miles round. Of the poor boys only Tom is left. Harry and Noel lie on the Northwest frontier, Roger and Jack on the banks of the Tugela. Tom had stayed at Blackstead partly because he had failed at Sandhurst, partly to look after me when our mother died; and he had been one of the first of the Yeomanry to volunteer for

the Cape, and in November he was invalided home. It looked indeed, as if he had only come home to die; and Jane, our old nurse, and I set ourselves to drag him back, inch by inch, from death. We nursed him night and day, watching and sleeping turn about, until at last he began to mend a very little.

Then the last blow fell. I had been short of money before Tom came back; I had been waiting and waiting for the dividend from the Company above mentioned, and it never came; then, on the morning of my nineteenth birthday, a circular came to say that it would pay no dividend at all, at any rate for a long while. It was a birthday! I thought, and worried, and puzzled my brain, but I could see no way of getting money. There were six pounds in the house, three people to feed, and one of them an invalid needing the most delicate and nourishing food. I knew of no one to ask help of. I worried and worried until, in the afternoon I had that rarest of all things with me, a headache. Fortunately Tom fell asleep, and, leaving Jane to watch him, I set out for a walk with the dogs.

I was walking along, with my eyes on the road instead of on the fields and hedgerows as usual, still worrying and still hopeless, when I was aroused by a rustling in the hedge and a rush from the dogs. There was a squeaking and fluttering, and Vixen came out of the ditch with a partridge in her mouth. I took it from her, and found that it had been badly wounded and had crept away to die; she had killed it. I slipped it under my cloak, rejoicing at the windfall, since it would make Tom an appetizing soup, when it flashed upon me that I had stumbled

upon a mine of food. During the last two years the game had been strictly preserved, for Sir John Baldran, the new baronet, was going to shoot over his Fleetham estate. There had even been talk of his spending part of the winter at the Hall, which had been shut for nearly thirty years, since his father, Sir Hubert, had never been able to endure the place after my mother's marriage. The country was fuller of game and rabbits than ever it had been before, and I was soon glowing at visions of abundance of the most tempting food for an invalid. The six pounds would last six months, for our cow gave us milk and butter, our hens eggs; we only needed flour and groceries. By that time Tom would be well and able to make money somehow, and the Company—such was my fond hope—would pay a dividend.

I turned and set out home, my headache gone. As I went I considered the other side of the matter. Poaching was wrong, of course; but I had done so much of it with the poor boys that to that particular sin my conscience was hardened. And if it had not been hardened, I could not have listened to it, because Tom came first. But unfortunately poaching had grown far more dangerous than it used to be. The keepers were new men, strangers to the neighborhood and, by the number of poachers they had prosecuted, plainly bent on doing their work thoroughly. It did not matter; I must take the risk. The sight of many scampering rabbits, and the calling of pheasants from cop-  
\*  
pice cheered me. I had never had a bicycle, and consequently I knew every foot of the country for five miles round; while, thanks to my early training, I had learned to watch the ways of the wild dwellers in it. On the other hand, I was handicapped by a great disadvantage. Though I do not mind shooting creatures, because the gun does the killing, I could not possibly

kill any I caught, in cold blood, with my hands; and I should have to rely on snares which would strangle them for me. The boys had laughed often enough at my squeamishness, as they called it; and I tried hard to argue myself out of it. It was no use; much as I should have preferred birds, I must be content with hares and rabbits. I might, indeed, set horse-hair springs for pheasants, but we had never had any luck with them; and they are so conspicuous when thrown, for they hold the bird hanging in the air. It must be hares and rabbits.

When I reached home. I lighted a lantern and went up into the big loft above the empty stables where the boys had kept most of their sporting paraphernalia; and there in a corner I found a score of snares; their pegs still hanging to them by the rotten strings, and even a bundle of the little notched sticks in which you set up the wires. I carried half a dozen up to Tom's room, and set about cleaning them with sand. They had been put away greased, and were very little rusted. Then I made sure that the slip-knots ran easily, and fastened them to their pegs with fresh string. In less than an hour they were ready for use, and I took my old cloak and sewed inside it two great pockets, either of which would hold three rabbits. Then I made my first plan.

At half-past nine I set out with my snares for Horton's Dingle, which lies a mile and a half further from the village than Blackstead. I went quickly till I came to where the road runs within a hundred yards of Fleetham Wood, and then I stole very quietly along the grass, that no watcher posted in the wood might hear me. A quarter of a mile from the wood lies the dingle mouth, twenty yards from the road, and I slipped into it quickly. I knew every foot of it; and, besides, it is an easy place to set a wire in. One's

skirts are the chief difficulty; unless you are very careful they brush across the run, and no rabbit or hare will pass along it. But here I could stand in the dingle and reach up to the runs which ran along the banks. It was dark, but, looking upwards, I could see dimly the big trees which were my landmarks. I went a dozen yards into the dingle and set my first wire, driving the peg into the bank three feet below the run with my foot, and rubbing my glove in the dead leaves to take all human scent from it, before I stuck into the middle of the run the little notched stick which holds up the wire noose. Moving along as noiselessly as a cat, I set all my wires in the first forty yards of the dingle, three on either bank. Then I retraced my steps; and when I came out onto the road I found myself breathing quickly and sighing with relief. Whether it was that I had grown unused to poaching, or that I had never before poached alone, I had not enjoyed setting my wires one little bit.

I was soon home and in bed. At two o'clock Jane woke me to take my spell of nursing till six; when she relieved me I went straight off to my wires. After the watching and sleeplessness, the dark morning was horribly chilling; but hope and hard walking warmed me, and I reached the dingle in a glow. I slipped into it with my heart beating quickly; so much depended on success. The first two wires had been thrown; I pulled them up and my heart began to sink. When I felt for the third it was not there. I groped about my feet, found the string taut, and at the end of it a noosed rabbit. My spirits rose. I pulled up the peg, and dropped rabbit and snare together into my pocket. The fourth wire had not been thrown; coming to the fifth, I trod on a rabbit it had caught, and pouched him; the sixth was empty. I came out of the dingle very happy; my hand had

not forgotten its cunning, and my anxiety was gone. I hurried home, had breakfast and went to bed, and slept till eleven.

I awoke to dreams of affluence on the strength of two rabbits, and began at once to make my plan for the day. My heart was set on a hare. I was cleaning the wires by Tom's bedside, when I looked up to find him watching me with the first interest I had seen in his face since he came back.

"Ah!" he said in his shadow of a voice, "you're going to have a shot at Bunter."

"At a hare," I said. "I got two rabbits last night." And I told him of my wiring the dingle.

His eyes grew almost bright as he listened, and I felt that I had stimulated the desire to live in him. But he was so weak that the moment I had done he fell asleep.

I was indeed impatient for the twilight, and as soon as it fell I hurried off through the village to the down which runs along above the Hall. A footpath rises to the top of it, and half-way up a belt of larch and fir stretches across the side of the slope. I had often noticed that the hares came down to the meadows through the stile and through a gap in the hedge on the further side of the belt of trees. At the stile I paused and looked up and down. No one was coming. Below me, to the right, lay Baldran Hall; and I was surprised to see many of the windows brightly lighted. Sir John Baldran must have come down for his shoot. Of course I had not heard of it. Tom kept Jane and myself prisoners; we had not even been to church since his return. I wasted no time, but went along the lower side of the hedge to the gap, which lay about fifty yards from the stile. I set my wire in the gap itself, taking the greatest care not to touch the run. Then I went back to the stile, climbed over it, went



twenty yards down the hedge, and walked out into the field, letting my skirts drag through the stubble. I walked in a half circle to a point in the hedge twenty yards on the other side of the stile. I was pretty sure that not a hare would cross that half-circle for several hours. I had closed the passage to the stile; they would all go through the gap. Then I went quietly home.

When I had told Tom what I had done, he said, "I should like some hare soup."

It was the first time he had fancied anything, and I knew well that he only fancied hare soup made from poached hare. The next day he had it. For going to my wire at ten that night I found it thrown, and a plump young hare in it. Tom took his soup as though he actually enjoyed it, and made me keener than ever on my neighbor's game.

The next night I stayed at home, but the night after that I tried for another hare. I had set my wire in the gap, and was coming down the slope when I heard the squeal, a little muffled, of a hare. This was luck; I was saved a journey.

I went back to the gap slowly, for if the hare was not dead when I reached it, I knew that I should let her go. She was dead; and slipping her neck out of the wire, I put her in my pocket. I was pulling up the peg, when a voice made my heart jump into my mouth, saying quietly, "I say, this must be great fun." And a man stepped through the gap.

I dropped the wire; I was caught. Plainly he had been on his way from the top of the down, and turning aside to find out why the hare squealed had seen me pocket her.

I could say nothing; I could only stare; and he raised his cap and said, "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I startled you."

"Not at all," I stammered; and my tongue stuck.

He picked up the wire and examined it carefully, and as he did it I examined him. He seemed about twenty-seven, tall and slight, with a longish, rather pale face, dark and clean-shaven. I thought he had a foreign air. I began to gather my scattered wits, and wonder what was coming next.

"This is very ingenious," he said, dangling the wire, and looking at me in a queer solemn kind of way. "Do you know? I think I'm coming into this."

"What—what do you mean?" I stammered.

"I'm going to join in the chase, and help you."

"Indeed, you're not," I cried.

"Indeed, I am. I have a tender conscience, and it must be humored."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"It is bidding me take you along, hare, snare and all, to the nearest keeper, by force if necessary"—his eyes sparkled queerly, as though he would have really enjoyed taking me along by force. "I can only quiet it by at once becoming useful and helpful to a fellow-creature. Therefore, I am going to help you in your nefarious occupation."

"But I don't want any help!"

"That's a pity—a great pity," he said with a deep sigh. "Come along to a keeper." He put out his hand to my arm, and I saw that he meant it.

I jumped back, crying, "Oh, you are hateful!"

"I am. How did you guess it? I have a perfectly fiendish nature, cruel and malignant. Sometimes it surprises even me. But come along."

"No, no!" I cried, edging away. "Let me think a moment."

"You shall have three minutes," he said, and looked at his watch, holding it in the moonlight.

I was almost too angry to think; and

if it hadn't been for Tom and the six pounds I needn't have thought at all. But I might be locked up for the night—poachers are—and then the fine and the costs! I was in a mess. I thought of bolting, but that was no use.

He kept looking from my face to his watch; then he said, "Time's up."

"Very well," I said, very sulkily; "you shall help. But I think you're utterly detestable."

"I am. I told you I was," he said almost proudly. "But is it an honest promise?"

"Oh, you shall help," I said; and then and there I made up my mind to make every use of him; if I caught anything alive, he should kill it; and if a keeper caught us, he would get into all the trouble. I turned and walked down the hill, and he walked by my side, talking of the beauty of the country in the frosty moonlight, and asking who lived at the big lighted building. My short sulky answers did not spoil his cheerfulness. He told me that his name was Hubertson, that he was no sportsman except in the matter of big game, out of which you could get some excitement, but he thought that poaching might be exciting too. I showed no interest in him at all. As we went through the village he asked which was the road to Swyre, which is four miles off; and I was so glad to hear that he was living so far away that I was less sulky with him the rest of the way to Blackstead. At the gates we, or rather he, arranged to meet there at nine o'clock the night after next, and he said good-night.

I had plenty of time the next two days to try and find a way out of this unwelcome companionship, but could find none. I thought for a little while of giving up poaching altogether, but necessity and my promise to let him help me prevented it. I must make the best of it.

I was very punctual at the gates,

hoping that he would be late and I should get away by myself; but he was there, quite unconcerned, not in the least shamefaced at having forced himself on me. He talked cheerfully on the way to the dingle, till I bade him follow me noiselessly on the grass past Fleetham Wood. I set the wires, and very little he saw of their setting in that darkness. On the way back he talked of the sense of adventure, the excitement and the risk; and once I found myself forgetting my resolve to treat him as the intruder he was, and actually talking to him of the creepy sounds of the night. I stopped short when I remembered.

When we reached Blackstead, he asked when we should go and see what we had caught; and when I said at six in the morning, he cried, "Good Heavens! How am I to be here at six in the morning?"

"I can go alone quite well," I said triumphantly. "I'd rather."

"My conscience will not suffer me to let you go about these lonely lanes in the dark," he said; and at six o'clock he was waiting for me rather subdued. We got three rabbits.

That was the first of a dozen expeditions. I do not know how it was, but little by little, except for an occasional quarrel, we grew quite friendly; snubbing and stiffness only made him more cheerful. The whole business was strange and quite wrong; but I could not help myself. Indeed, I began at last to look forward to our expeditions. He had seen so much and could talk of it so well; and after all the country is very dull. He drew from me without my perceiving what he was doing, the reason of my poaching, and showed himself quite anxious about Tom. I could never make out why he came poaching, for he never learned anything, not even how to set a wire; and as for helping, he never helped at all. That was why I fell into the way of

calling him Helper. I always used to say "Good evening, Helper," and "Good-bye, Helper." I thought he must come with me for the pleasure of having some one to talk to, for I knew that any one staying at Swyre would find it very dull.

Then I did make him useful. Tom heard a pheasant call across the meadows one evening, and he said he would like some pheasant. I made up my mind to get one; and the Helper should kill it. That night we went up to the little fir plantation about two hundred yards from the north end of Fleetham Wood, to which I had often seen a dozen pheasants going to roost. It was a long walk, for we had to make a circuit to come at the plantation from the side furthest from the wood, but the Helper kept me laughing most of the way, and it seemed short. We had to cross a hundred yards of open meadow to get into the plantation, and we crossed it at a run; for if there were a watcher in it, we must be seen. Once inside the plantation, I hunted noiselessly about for a convenient pheasant. Most of them were roosting too high, or in awkward trees; but at last I found one about ten feet from the ground which I could get at. I told the Helper to stand ready and wring its neck, and then scrambled noiselessly onto a bough four feet from the ground. I stood up on it, and gripping the bough on which the pheasant was roosting with my left hand, I slipped my right softly along it till I had him by the legs. I pulled him from his perch; thrust him downwards, squawking and struggling, into the Helper's hands, and sprang down. I thought he was never going to kill it; it seemed to go on squawking for an age, and he was swearing under his breath. At last it was quiet; I put it into my pocket. We hurried out of the plantation and ran for the road. When we reached it, I laughed with excited

delight; then, turning to the Helper, I saw that his face was working with angry disgust.

"Never in my life did I do anything so beastly!" he burst out. "I feel like a murdering poulterer!"

"Never mind, come along," I said, and started briskly for home. He walked along angry and sulky; and I wondered at him. Presently he growled, "Why couldn't we stick to hares and rabbits? They don't want any neck wringing."

"I wanted a change," I said stiffly.

"It was mere thoughtless selfishness!" he cried. "You never thought how I should feel playing the poulterer."

"I don't care how you felt," I said hotly. "You thrust your help on me, and the first time you are of any use you grumble."

"It was beastly," he said.

"You will have to harden yourself to it, or not come with me. Now that I've got you to kill them for me, I'm going to try for birds often. However, you needn't come if you don't like." He growled like a bear and we walked on in silence. I could not understand his squeamishness about a pheasant; for he had killed moose, elk and three kinds of bears; besides, the boys had been able to kill anything with their hands without the slightest discomfort.

At the gates of Blackstead we stopped, and I was just going to say good-night when he said, "I think I deserve something for killing that bird." And his eyes were shining curiously.

"Yes—yes—you do," I said slowly. "But what—can I give you?"

"I want a kiss," he said, in a breathless kind of voice.

For a moment I experienced the strangest feeling I have ever felt; a kind of thrilling feeling; and I knew that I was blushing to the roots of my hair. Then I turned very angry and cried,

"You will have nothing of the kind! How dare you talk of such a thing?"

"I dare—oh, I dare," he said slowly. "I'm certainly going to have one."

"You're not!"

"You showed no consideration for my feelings about that beastly bird, and I won't show any for yours—so there." And with that he made a quick movement to catch hold of me.

Without a thought I hit out with all my might, and he went down in a heap. I jumped back and stood staring down at him panting. He lay quite still, and of a sudden I realized that I must have hurt him very badly. I dropped on one knee beside him with a sinking heart, and propped him up against the other; his limbs and back were all limp; and I guessed what had happened. I had caught him on the point of the jaw—a thing I mightn't have done in a hundred times, trying to do it.

For three or four minutes I knelt propping him up, and trying feebly to bring him to; then I laid him flat, ran to the tool-house, and brought a wheelbarrow. I lifted him into it, wheeled him up to the back door and dragged him into the kitchen, where the fire was still burning, and huddled him into a big oak-chair in front of it. I got some brandy and forced a little into his mouth; then I brought a basin of cold water and a sponge and bathed his temples and forehead, till at last he heaved a deep sigh. He was coming to, but he looked so horribly pale and shaken that, though I never cry, the tears would keep coming into my eyes at having hurt him so.

Presently he said faintly, "Where—where am I? Oh, my head!"

"In Blackstead kitchen," I said. "But keep quite quiet, and you'll soon feel better."

He shut his eyes obediently, and I went to the dining-room and wheeled a light sofa into the kitchen. I helped

him, half carrying him, on to it, and covered him with rugs. In five minutes he was sleeping heavily, and I went up to Tom. During the next two hours I kept coming down to my new patient; but he slept on, and began to look better, and at last, tired out, I went to sleep myself on my sofa in Tom's room. I slept heavily, and only awakened at half-past five. I went down at once to see how the Helper was, and to my surprise and dismay, I found the sofa empty; he had gone. I put on my cloak and hat, and hurried down the road and through the village half-way to Swyre, expecting every moment to find him lying by the roadside. Two miles from Swyre I met a couple of laborers coming from it; they had met and seen no one. I came home anxious enough, but assuring myself that he had been less hurt than I thought, and had reached Swyre safely. At nine that night, and again at ten I went down to the gates in the hope that he might come to go poaching. He did not come; and I went to bed very anxious.

The next morning there came a letter bearing the Swyre postmark. It ran:—

Dear Miss Chute,—I am sorry that I behaved so badly last night; I deserved the penalty I paid for it. My head is only just beginning to join on to my shoulders. I hope that in consideration of having nearly killed me, you will forgive. I shall come round at nine this evening to help, but chiefly to deprecate your just resentment—Yours sincerely,  
*J. Hubertson.*

The letter cleared away my last anxiety; but it gave me the freedom to grow angry. I saw plainly that I ought never to have accepted such a situation, and I made up my mind that he should help me no more. I went down to the gates at a few minutes to nine and locked them. Presently the Helper came striding up, greeted me in a shame-faced way and began to

apologize. I accepted his apologies, and told him that he was never coming poaching with me again. He begged me not to punish him so cruelly, promised never to offend again, and at last lost his temper as I knew he would, and stormed furiously. Then he made a dash at the gates, tried to open them, and failing, shook and shook them.

I said, "You see how right I was. Good-bye." And I turned and went up the drive, never turning my head for all his entreaties that I would stay and talk to him, if only for two minutes.

For some days I never went out of the grounds, and kept the gates locked after midday. Twice I saw him leaning disconsolately against them. But I missed our expeditions very much; so much that I wished, for all that they were pleasant to look back on, that I had never snared that wretched hare that had been to blame for them. Sometimes I wondered whether, when Tom was better, the Helper would find a way of meeting me again; but I was still very angry with him.

At last I had to go out and seek more food. I was bent on getting pheasants, and I took the boys' old muzzle-loader, and charged it with a very little powder and a full charge of shot. I did not think that the report would be heard a hundred yards off. At eleven that night I set out for the fir plantation. It seemed a much longer walk than when I went with the Helper. Once in it I soon found a brace of pheasants roosting at a convenient height, and getting them against a patch of the Milky Way, fired. They both came tumbling down; I thrust them quickly into my pockets, and hurried through the plantation towards the road. I had not gone twenty yards when a man jumped from between the firs and gripped my arm, crying "I've got you, my lad!"

For a moment I tried to shake my-

self free, but on his heels came another man, and caught my arm; and I said:

"Don't tear my cloak to pieces, my good men; I'll go quietly."

"Good Lord, it's a woman!" cried one of them; and they began to discuss what they had better do with me. They decided to take me to the Hall.

It was a dismal walk. If I had been a girl in a book, I should have gone dauntlessly to meet my judges; but I felt very downhearted. Now that they were upon me, the appearing before the bench, the having my name in the papers, and the scandal seemed terrible. Besides, there was the fine; and they might lock me up for the night, and Tom, though on the mend, needed every care.

We went to the back door of the Hall, and after looking at me, the butler said, "You'd better bring the young person to the library, and I'll fetch Sir John."

He led the way to the library, lighted two lamps in it and poked up the fire. Without thinking I took an easy chair by it, and stretched out my feet to the blaze. The butler frowned at me, and went out, leaving the door ajar. I heard another door open, a babble of voices, clicking billiard balls, and the butler's voice saying, "Please, Sir John, Jenkins and Smith have got a poacher in the library."

"A poacher!" "Let's see the rascal!" "I vote we duck him!" "Give him a horsewhipping!" cried half a dozen voices; there was a hurrying of feet in the hall, and what seemed a crowd of men in evening dress poured in through the library door. How I hated them! and I think I must have looked like it; for they hushed suddenly and some of their mouths opened.

"What on earth did the idiots bring him here for?" said a voice in the hall, a voice I knew very well; and the Helper came into the room.

At once I felt quite safe; but at the



sight of me his face filled with a dismayed surprise, and he cried, "What senseless idiocy have you been up to now, Jenkins?" and came swiftly across the room, with outstretched hand saying, "How do you do, Miss Chute; I hope to goodness my idiots have not annoyed you?" Then he turned angrily on the keepers, and said, "Clear out, you dunderheaded idiots!"

"But, Sir John—" said the keeper.

"Clear out, will you!" roared the Helper furiously, stamping his foot; and they shuffled out quickly.

Then he turned to his friends and practically drove them back to their game, telling them that he must see me home, and refusing curtly two or three offers to come with him that he might not have to walk back alone. The butler brought his hat and coat; and in two minutes we were out of the house.

We had not gone ten yards down the drive when I turned on him and said furiously, "How dare you?"

"How dare I what?" he said.

"You're—you're Sir John Baldran! You've been practically giving me all that game we caught! It was disgraceful of you! I'm—I'm glad—yes; I'm glad I hit you so hard!"

He looked at me gravely, and said, "I'm afraid, my dear Priscilla, that you have a bad temper."

"I'm not your dear Priscilla! How dare you—"

"Oh yes, you are. I always think of you as my dear Priscilla," he said calmly.

"You've no right—"

"Oh, yes, I have," he interrupted

Longman's Magazine.

again. "You've made me your partner in crime, a poacher; you've bullyragged me continually; you've knocked me down and nearly killed me; with a cold cruelty you've tried to drive me to suicide by denying me the sight of you when you knew I was dying for it. Look what you've cost me in mental, moral and physical anguish—it gives me every right to call you my dear Priscilla. You're the dearest creature I ever came across, and it was a bad day for me when I met you."

"Well, that will soon be mended! We sha'n't meet again!" I gasped out, almost choking with rage.

"No; there's no mending it," he said in the saddest voice. "I can't do without you—you're my one extravagance—my dearest Priscilla. You'll have to take pity on me and—and beggar me."

It was no use my saying anything; he would only twist my words, I knew that way of his well. We walked on without speaking, and my anger cooled a little. Then suddenly he said in a very different voice, "Do be kind to me, Priscilla; you've been cruel to me so long."

It was not fair. My nerves had been shaken by my capture and that horrible walk with the keepers; the sudden gentleness upset me, and I rather broke down.

We were some time saying good-bye at Blackstead gates, and—well I did not knock him down this time.

As I went up the drive he called after me, "By the way, my dearest Priscilla, I'm going to take a long and severe course of boxing lessons before we're married."

Edgar Jepson.

# SHAKESPEARE AS PROSE-WRITER.

It might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he pleases, also a master of prose. Has any great poet essayed prose unsuccessfully? Pope, perhaps, in his letters. But the reason is obvious. The most artificial (in no bad sense) of poets, the sword, the wig and the 'brodered coat, showing with dexterous elegance throughout his verse, he was ill-advised enough to make his bow before posterity in the one form of prose which imperiously demands nature. Horry Walpole was artificial, and Byron was no child of nature, though simplicity compared with Walpole. But the artifice (after its differing kind and proportion) was in the marrow of both men. The letters would not have been themselves without it. Pope, on the contrary, deliberately "wrote up" and falsified his letters to make them "worthy of posterity"—which resented the cheat by refusing to look at them. And he never wrote, to begin with, without an eye on the best models and what his correspondents would think of him. In a more artificial mode of prose he might have been brilliant. Shelley, too, was a more than doubtful success in prose—for a quite opposite reason. Frankly natural, his nature was at its worst in prose. Even in verse he sinned by copiousness. Freed from the restraining banks of rhyme and measure, he "slopped over" with ultra-feminine fluency of language and sentiment; a fatal redundancy mars all his prose. But even Keats, with all his femininity of luxurious emotion, "scores" in his letters. There are few poets, perhaps, from whom we should not wish to have prose. Tennyson, in modern times, is the great example of a poet who never spoke without his singing-robes. But we feel an instinc-

tive conviction that Tennyson's prose would have been worth having; that it would have been terse, strong and picturesque—in another fashion from the pictorial English of the Anglo-Saxon revivalists. Indeed, there is manifest reason why a poet should have command over "that other harmony of prose," as a great master of both has called it. The higher includes the lower, the more the less. He who has subdued to his hand all the resources of language under the exaltedly difficult and specialized conditions of metre should be easy lord of them in the unhindered forms of prose. Perhaps it is lack of inclination rather than of ability which indisposes a poet for the effort. Perhaps, also, the metrical restraints are to him veritable aids and pinions, the lack of which is severely felt in prose. Perhaps he suffers, like Claudio, "from too much liberty."

As regards the stern aloofness from prose, if one had to seek a parallel with Tennyson in the past probably most people would say his greatest exemplar was Shakespeare. In a sense it is true; and what would one not give that it were otherwise! "The Letters of William Shakespeare"—what might not the man deserve of us who should discover those? Ten thousand Bacons with ten thousand ciphers would give us never a thrill like to that! We would not ask for "Shakespeare's Love-Letters." But Shakespeare's correspondence with his private friends—a letter from the pleasant Will to the truculent old Ben appointing a meeting at the Mermaid! What are the treasures of our archives, the epistles of kings and the musty solemnities of ambassadors, to those treasures which no archives have preserved? Why has

the relaxing hand of Time yielded to us letters of Elizabethan maids-of-honor and gossiping hangers-on of courts, but never retained one letter of the age's true king? Time is a courtier, and looks on things with the perspective of solemn-nodding Burleigh.

Yet though Shakespeare bequeathed us neither letters nor essays, not so much as a pamphlet, he has not left us without means of estimating what his touch would have been in prose. There is, of course, the plentiful prose-dialogue scattered through his plays. But this can only indirectly give us any notion of what might have been his power as a prose-writer. Dramatic and impersonal, it is directed to reproducing the conversational style of his period, as developed among the picturesque and varying classes of Elizabethan men and women. It is one thing with Rosalind, another with Orlando, another with Beatrice, another with Mistress Ford or Master Page, and yet another with his fools or clowns. Thersites differs from Ape-mantus, plain-spoken old Lafeu from plain-spoken Kent. At the most we might conjecture hence how Shakespeare talked. And if there be anywhere a suggestion of Shakespeare's talk, we would look for it not so much in the overpowering richness of Falstaff, as in the light, urbane, good-humored pleasantries of Prince Hal. Prince Hal is evidently a model of the cultivated, quick-witted, intelligent gentleman, unbending himself in boon society. In his light dexterity, his high-spirited facility, one seems to discern a reminder of the nimble-witted Shakespeare, as Fuller portrays him in the encounters at the Mermaid. No less do the vein of intermittent seriousness running through his talk, the touches of slightly scornful melancholy, conform to one's idea of what Shakespeare may have been in society. One can imagine him in some fit of disgust

with his companions, such as prompted the sonnets complaining of his trade, uttering the contemptuous retort of Prince Hal to Poins: "It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine."

But this is to consider too curiously. Let us rather take the passages which have a more than conversational structure. The most famous is the speech of Brutus to the Romans:—

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it, as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondsman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

This noble speech would alone prove that Shakespeare had a master's touch in prose. The balance, the antithesis, the terseness, the grave simplicity of diction, make it a model in its kind. Yet one can hardly say that this is the fashion in which Shakespeare would have written prose, had he used that vehicle apart from the drama. It was written in this manner for a special purpose—to imitate the laconic style which Plutarch records that Brutus affected. Its laconisms, therefore exhibit no tendency of the poet's own. To

find a passage which we do believe to show his native style we must again go to Prince Hal, in his after character of Henry V. The whole of the King's encounter with the soldiers, who lay on his shoulders the private consequences of war, affords admirable specimens of prose. But in particular we quote as much as space will allow of his chief defensive utterance:—

There is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have beforegored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before breach of the King's laws, in now the King's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

The whole is on a like level, and it is obvious that Shakespeare's interest in his theme has caused him for the moment to forsake dramatic propriety by adopting a structure much more

complete and formal than a man would use in unpremeditated talk. It is Shakespeare defending a thesis with the pen, rather than Henry with the tongue. And you have, in consequence, a fine passage of prose, quite original in movement and style. Unlike other prose of the period, and characteristic (we venture to think) of Shakespeare himself. You would know that style again. Close-knit, pregnant, with a dexterous use of balance and antithesis, it is yet excellently direct, fluent and various, the rhetorical arts carefully restrained, and all insistence on them avoided. Despite its closeness, it is not too close; there is space for free motion; and it has a masculine ring, a cut-and-thrust fashion, which removes it far alike from pedantry on the one hand and poetized prose on the other. Such, or something after this manner, would (we think) have been Shakespeare's native style in prose; not the ultra-formal style he put (for a reason) in the mouth of Brutus. We have chosen it, in preference to other passages which might have been cited bearing a similar stamp, because it is the longest and most fully-developed passage in which dramatic necessity suffered the poet to indulge (except that speech of Brutus which, we have shown, cannot be taken as typically Shakespearian).

With the Baconian dispute recently revived, it is interesting to ask how such passages compare with the known prose of Bacon. The speech of Brutus might possibly be Bacon's, who loved the sententious. But surely not a typical passage such as we have quoted. Take an average extract from Bacon's "Essays:—

It is worth observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death; and, therefore, death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so

many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; Love delights in it; Honor aspireth to it; Grief fleeth to it; nay, we read, after Otho, the emperor, had slain himself, Pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their Sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers.

Grave, cold, slow, affecting an aphoristic brevity, and erring (when it does err) on the side of pedantry, could this style take on the virile energy and freedom of movement, the equipoise of concision and fluency, which we dis-

*The Academy.*

cern in Henry's speech, as in all Shakespeare's characteristic passages? We cannot think it. And that other style of Bacon's, exemplified in the "Reign of Henry VII," expanded, formal, in the slow-moving and rather cumbersome periods which he deems appropriate to historic dignity, is yet more distant from Shakespeare. The more one studies Shakespeare, the more clearly one perceives in him a latent but quite individual prose-style, which, had he worked it out, would have been a treasurable addition to the great lineage of English prose.

### MRS. GALLUP'S BACON.

Critics often receive letters in which strangers (enclosing verses) ask to be told whether they ought to throw up their professions and devote themselves wholly to poetry. I never advise these inquirers to abandon a good place of 1,500*l.* a year under Government, nor to desert the Bar if their yearly gains average over 2,000*l.* The sale of my own poems would not compensate me for the sacrifice of a good Government appointment. But Mr. Edgar Fawcett, if correctly reported, puts the present reward of songs on a still lower level. If two hundred copies of a new volume of verse are sold "the author is in rare luck." But we must not be cast down. The advertisements inform us that the books of at least one young poet sell by the twenty or thirty thousand. This is more than can be said for many works in prose, however learned and instructive. Ought we not rather to assure Mr. Fawcett that we are not indifferent to poetry, but that we want it *good*—like that of the author just re-

ferred to or of Mr. Kipling? Moreover, great heaps of books by old poets are purchased—at least new editions are constantly published and one sees quantities of examples in the booksellers' shops. Thus it seems that we *do* buy poetry (to give away), and that we buy what is good. The inference is that the poets who are not vendible are not good, and thus no blame is cast on the taste of the public. Nobody can reasonably be expected to buy bad poetry, or even middling poetry, while we have all the works of Bacon, his dramas, his "Faery Queen," his "Dr. Faustus," and the hitherto unknown tragedies which Dr. Owen, of Detroit, Michigan, is constantly exhuming from Bacon's cypher. While a countryman of Mr. Fawcett's keeps providing us with assumed dramas of Bacon, his "Mary Stuart" and his "Essex," our time for poetical study is fully occupied.

Talking of Bacon's tragedies, Mr. Mallock's article on Bacon's "Bilateral Cypher" ("Nineteenth Century," De-



ember) was like a bolt from the blue. Yet I cannot (to abandon this fine irony) say *credo tonantem*. Having read great piles of the books, American and English, which try to prove that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays, I have found in them nothing but ignorance and impudence. On studying Mrs. Gallup's work—the theme of Mr. Mallock—I discovered that, if Bacon was rightly deciphered by Mrs. Gallup, Bacon was insane and a liar. He made statements which a very slender knowledge of history proves to be, not only false, but from Bacon (if sane) impossible.

Then comes Mr. Mallock, who, very properly, has worked at the cypher, and often finds that his reading of it agrees with Mrs. Gallup's. Now this cannot be a chance coincidence. Mr. Mallock is not a specialist in old forms of typography, but he was right in "trying all things." We wait to hear what the experts in typography have to say. Mr. Sidney'Lee, having studied the typography of the Folio, denies that it can contain any cypher! Meanwhile, if Mrs. Gallup has deciphered correctly, there are at least two difficulties. First, Bacon makes statements which cannot be true on points of history; statements which he, of all men, knew to be false. The second impossibility is that in Bacon's summary and translation of the *Iliad*, deciphered by Mrs. Gallup, he borrows the version of the Catalogue of the Ships directly from Pope, who took great liberties with Homer, liberties closely copied by Bacon. Now Bacon was dead very many years before Pope was born. This curious theft was pointed out by a sportsman, Mr. Marston, in the "Times," and I have more than verified it.

Mrs. Gallup's Bacon is like the dead who speak through her countrywoman, Mrs. Piper; they are extremely fluent and verbose—when they have nothing in particular to say. But, when you

put to them a searching question, about what they could not but know, they shuffle, prevaricate and lie. Proofs of their identity (so far as I have observed) they never give, though some inquirers think otherwise. It is the same with Mrs. Gallup's Bacon. He pours out in his cypher, hundreds of pages of tedious, empty verbiage. Of the facts which he tells about himself, some are such as could be taken by any one from any account of Bacon; others are demonstrably and absurdly false. Like Mrs. Piper's "spirits," he never adduces one atom of proof for his *new* stories about himself. Yet he must have passed years in putting them into his cypher, and he must have known that proof, not eternal assertion, was necessary. Going beyond the Piperian "spirits," she does not even know his own surname!

I hope to write elsewhere on this night-mare's nest of Mrs. Gallup's discovery, examining it in the light of history. Her Bacon was oddly ignorant of the events of his own times. One little point may be noted in this place. Mrs. Gallup's Bacon tells us, through his cypher, that he was the elder, and the Earl of Essex the younger, legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester. The knowledge of this put Essex rather above himself, and as Bacon did not want to fight for his rights, Essex made a push for *his*. We all know about the ring which Elizabeth gave him, and which he sent to her from his prison. But it was never delivered, and Essex was executed. I have seen this ring, and though a most interesting relic, it was not an expensive gift for a queen to give her son. But this is decidedly a digression. The point is that Mrs. Gallup's Bacon says that his brother, Essex, was a Royal Duke, knew it and took liberties. But, if he wanted the throne for himself, he would hardly have intrigued to win the English

crown for "gentle King Jamie," James VI of Scotland, would he? Yet Mr. Tytler, in his "History of Scotland" (ix 367), writes: "perhaps nothing weighed heavier against Essex than his suspected favor for James. . . . Although no letters between James and Essex have been discovered, there seems to be little doubt that this unfortunate nobleman had engaged to support the claim of the Scottish King with the whole weight of his influence." It is certain, at all events, that James hesitated between the rival parties of Essex and Cecil (Robert Cecil). The contemporary Archbishop Spottiswoode tells us that Essex urged James to make a push for the English throne, and, if so, Essex did not think himself the right-ful heir.

This is not a strong point, but I can show (indeed showed six months ago) that Mrs. Gallup's Bacon knew no more about the men and events of his own period than the general public does; and that he made blunders for which a passman would be plucked. Now, the right way to deal with Mrs. Gallup is not to call her names, or talk about monomania, and belief in the Cock Lane Ghost. The Cock Lane Ghost may have been the genuine phenomenon vaguely called the "Polter-

*Longman's Magazine.*

geist," or he may not. The circumstances are not generally known; but the ghost "had not a fair show." A person may go as far as that, who cannot believe that Bacon was a lunatic, as he demonstrably is, in his cypher—or a prophet, as when he demonstrably stole from Pope—who was not born. The right course with Mrs. Gallup is to ask her to explain why or how Bacon stole from Pope's Homer, and another book published long after Bacon's death; and how he could be (as he certainly was) ignorant of facts of his own time which can be found even in school history books, and are attested in countless documents of Bacon's period. Mrs. Gallup, I make no doubt, will admit that she has, somehow, misread the cypher, in these cases, attributing to Bacon the inventions of the unborn Pope, and also blunders which his cook could not have committed. These circumstances make it certain that, though the cypher may be a very nice cypher, Mrs. Gallup must have interpreted it, all wrong. She will see that, she would have seen it long ago, if she had read Pope's Homer, and had known anything about Elizabethan history. So she will admit her error and set about a new translation of the cypher.

*Andrew Lang.*

## HEROINES OF FICTION.

Englishmen have long been painfully aware that they do not satisfy the fastidious taste of Mr. W. D. Howells. We were not without hope that one or two recent events—the conduct of British diplomacy in the Spanish-American War and the London triumphs of Miss Edna May—would have mollified him. But he goes on rubbing it in. His new book on "Heroines of Fiction" (Harper

and Brothers: New York and London, 2 vols. 15s. n.), abounds in unkind remarks about us. The critical fibre of the British public, he says, was never too sensitive and has become coarsened. We have no philosophic criticism. An atmosphere of æsthetic anarchy wraps the British Isles and accounts for Mr. George Meredith, whose novels Mr. Howells is unable to read. Our

novelists suffer from the odious vice of sarcastic knowingness. Mr. Howells's knowingness takes the quaint form of alluding to Lyme Regis, for short, as "Regis." We have no principles, only preferences. And we lack, to our shame, the American sensitiveness of nerve, which fills Mr. Howells with patriotic contempt. "We need not deny," says he, "the greatness of Dickens in order to feel a patriotic content in the reflection that he represented English fiction in his time, and Hawthorne represented American fiction, as with the same implications Carlyle represented English thought and Emerson American thought." Dickens, he notes with complacency, wrote better after his visit to America. To be sure he explicitly declares this to be a case of *post* rather than *propter*. But evidently the fact, however explained, is gratifying to his patriotic content. He reminds us of another American gentleman, the President of the Anti-Cigarette Society in "The Belle of New York," who sings:—

Our virtues continue to strike us,  
As qualities magnificent to see,  
Of course you could never be like us,  
But be as like us as you're able to be.

That is why Mrs. Humphry Ward recommends herself to Mr. Howells. She is as like the American novelists as she is able to be. "I would leave it to the candid reader to say whether . . . Mrs. Ward was not rather like the American than the English novelists."

It appears that Jane Austen narrowly escaped being like the American novelists. The escape, we learn, was less her fault than theirs. "The best American novels have unconsciously shaped themselves upon the ideal which she instinctively and instantly realized." Indeed, Miss Austen might have signed the Declaration of Independence—at any rate, in setting Elizabeth Bennet to rout Lady Catherine de

Bourgh, she "was in her way asserting the Rights of Man as unmistakably as the French Revolutionists." This view of our quiet spinster as a *révoltée* against a bloated aristocracy, as one filled with "an indignant sense of the value of humanity as against the pretensions of rank," will gently amuse those who have marked the awe which Miss Austen cannot conceal for the great Mr. Darcy. There is a prevalent impression in this country—erroneous, no doubt, and due to lack of sensitiveness in our critical fibre—that Miss Austen was a bit of a stickler for birth. Not that she went so far as the young lady in a contemporary burlesque novel called "The Heroine"—which, if only for its title, should have caught Mr. Howells's attention. She was the daughter of a Mr. Wilkinson (not, of course, Tennyson's "Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," but Mr. Wilkinson, a yeoman), and she addressed her parent in these terms:—"Hear me, Wilkinson. . . . Is it possible that I who was born to be a heroine, and who must, therefore, have sprung from an illustrious and idle family, should be the daughter of a fat, funny farmer? Oh, no, Sir; thank you." This young lady (who, by the way, was unconsciously plagiarizing from one of the daughters in "Les Précieuses Ridicules") ought certainly to have figured in a treatise on "Heroines of Fiction." We suspect Mr. Howells of deliberately omitting her because she was not what he calls a Nice Girl.

And that brings us back to his contented American patriotism. He insists upon draping the legs of all his literary pianos. He declares that "The Nice Girl still remains the ideal of our fiction, to whom it returns with a final constancy, after whatever aberration." By the Nice Girl Mr. Howells means what the other Mr. Podsnap called the Young Person. She is only nice by a misuse of language—nice in the nur-

sery-jingle sense—"sugar and spice and all that's nice, that's what little girls are made of." Has Mr. Howells, who admires Jane Austen in general and "Northanger Abbey" in particular, never pondered the little lecture which Mr. Henry Tilney addressed to Miss Catherine Morland at Beechen Cliff on this very word "nice?" "I am sure," cried Catherine, "I did not mean to say anything wrong, but it is a nice book, and why should I not call it so?" "Very true," said Henry, "and this is a very nice day; and we are taking a very nice walk; and you are two very nice young ladies. Oh! it is a very nice word, indeed; it does for everything. Originally, perhaps, it was applied only to express neatness, propriety, delicacy or refinement; people were nice in their dress, their sentiments, or their choice. But now every commendation on every subject is comprised in that one word."

Mr. Tilney, we fear, would have been shocked by many worse words than "nice" in the vocabulary of Mr. Howells, who talks of "ethicism" and "effectism" and "romanticistic," "periculant" and "realescent," "martyry" and "grotesquery." Æsthetic anarchists that we are, we confess to feeling our gorge rise at this amazing jargon. Charles Reade, we are told, "was synchronously coruscating in his most brilliant pin-wheeling and sky-rocketing," while somebody else's talent is said to be "eventuating in its ultimate seriousness." Nice Girls may understand this; we give it up. But, all things considered, we can quite understand why Dickens can no more make Mr. Howells (in his riper age) smile than can Rabelais himself—though he admits, with a blush, that in his first unknowing youth he was guilty of laughing over "Pickwick"—and even why he talks of Fielding's "blackguardly sympathies" and calls Rawdon Crawley a "blackguard." That is how Mr. How-

ells's critical talent has eventuated in its ultimate seriousness.

But mark the strange results which eventuate from the cult of the Nice Girl. It drives Mr. Howells to the wild assertion that "among all peoples of Anglo-Saxon birth and breeding the characterization of one who has done nobly will be thought greater than that of one who has not done nobly." We had thought at first that this was an example of Mr. Howells's "sarcastic knowingness," that he was having a sly dig at the Anglo-Saxons, whose blood is notoriously thicker than water, but not, he would suggest, so thick as their skulls. But it seems that he really means what he says. He apologizes for praising Beatrix Esmond, because she was not a Nice Girl. At one moment, to be sure, he is inclined to hedge. "The cultivated world," he admits, "was long ago brought to profess its open pleasure in character because it is true, rather than in character because it is pleasing or edifying; but whether this pleasure is real or not, or whether it is not underlain by a secret preference for a character because he is good or she is pretty, I am not quite sure." At any rate, he has his own "misgivings in offering to the admiration of the reader a detestable character merely because it is a masterpiece." So now we know where we are. Antonio is a greater character than Shylock, Helen Pender is a greater character than Becky Sharp, Mme. de Mortsauf a greater character than Baron Hulot, Sir Charles Grandison a greater character than Tom Jones, and Little Jack Horner a greater character than Mr. Punch. Thus does Mr. Howells establish an æsthetic hierarchy for the benefit of the British Isles wrapped in an atmosphere of æsthetic anarchy. But is it not a little quaint to find the old "moralistic" criticism of Plato and Aristotle—"Pagan, we regret to say"—

served up again in all its crudity in modern Boston, Mass.? As another genuflection to the Nice Girl, Mr. Howells adopts the less questionable position that a modern novel is great or not as its women are important or unimportant. Many proofs of this, he says, might be alleged; but he neglects to allege them. There are certainly instances to the contrary. "Le Père Goriot" is a very great novel, but its women are unimportant by the side of its men. So it is with "Les Illusions Perdues," and with "The Antiquary," and with "Barnaby Rudge," and with "Pickwick." These may be only exceptions to a general rule, but they are exceptions important enough to make the rule need something more than Mr. Howells's *ipse dixit*.

It is strange that in cataloguing the whole collection of nineteenth-century heroines, dismissing the girls of Scott and Dickens and Thackeray with half-contempt and exalting the girls of Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth and George Elliot, Mr. Howells has missed the real meaning of his own classification. He never once, so far as we can make out, makes the remark that the most life-like heroines are drawn by women. And yet his enthusiastic admiration for Richardson ought at once to have put him on the track of this not very recondite truth. For Richardson wrote admirably about women because he was himself, to all intents and purposes, a woman, and some of his readers even go so far as to find the best of his female characters in Sir Charles Grandison. But all novelists cannot be women (though the tendency of the times, no doubt, is in that direction); and, in order to write well about women, the next best thing to being a woman is, we submit, to be a flirt. Here, again, Richardson is a case in point. So is Fielding, whom Mr. Howells cannot abide. So is Maupassant, whom he exalts. It would be

invidious to instance living novelists in this connection, though we could an' if we would; but we stand firm to our proposition that for the novelist, flirting (in moderation—poor Maupassant carried it to excess) is the Royal road to a knowledge of the female heart. Evidently Mr. Howells was never a flirt. He has a poor opinion of flirts. "The flirt," he says, "is always self-defeated in her triumph, and loses more than she gains by any conquest." We do not understand what this means; but it cannot invalidate our proposition, which relates to male flirts. No experienced flirt would talk such nonsense as Mr. Howells talks about the Ever-Womanly. To be sure, Goethe, the inventor of that precious phrase, was an inveterate flirt—indeed, had flirtations, as he admitted, in order to make "copy" out of them; but Goethe was not the dupe of his own phrase. Women-novelists do not believe in the Ever-Womanly; they know better. It is a masculine illusion, a *mirage* of sex, which Mr. Howells turns into a shibboleth of criticism. Another generalization, which occurs to us, but not apparently to him, is that heroines as a class are too young. Mr. Howells insists upon their being Nice Girls; but we would ask, why girls at all? The Latin novel, the Muscovite novel, are better to-day than the Anglo-Saxon novel. Why? Because the Latins and the Russians have practically eliminated the young girl. Thus they have got rid of calf-love and the silly little fluttering of silly little hearts. M. Paul Bourget goes so far as to fix the ideal *âge de l'amour* at fifty-three. But that is for men, We may allow the ladies a few years off that figure. The practice even of our "Anglo-Saxon" novelists at their best goes to prove our point. Who is the most delightful heroine of Jane Austen? Anne Elliot, who is close upon thirty. Who is the most delightful



heroine of Thackeray? Lady Castlewood, who has a grown-up son and daughter. Who is the most delightful heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward? Elea-

*The London Times.*

nor Burgoyne, who is verging upon middle age. Let Mr. Howells keep his Nice Girls; give us their aunts and their (well-preserved) mammas.

#### AN APPRECIATION OF DR. S. R. GARDINER.

Death this week has removed almost the last, and not the least distinguished, of the group of Oxford historians remarkable alike for the singular variety of their gifts and the results of their work, a list which includes the names of Green and Freeman, Froude, Creighton and Stubbs. Freeman and Stubbs at least could pass away feeling that though there was still much to do their lessons had been taught, their labor accomplished. *Finis coronat opus.* Dr. Gardiner, to the infinite regret of all to whom he was of "the masters of those who know" has not been permitted to put the coping-stone to the building begun in 1863. Forty years ago he set himself to write the History of the Stuart Kings from 1603-1688; stern necessity presently limited the design to the death of Cromwell. His last volume reached the year 1656—and that is now the end.

It is enough for us to know that his life was best expressed in his work, and that his work was his life. Too commonly, however, we think of him as simply the author of seventeen volumes which are and will remain the authority for their period. But turn to the British Museum Catalogue and a faint idea will be gained of how a lifetime's devotion to historical study had made his a familiar name alike to schoolboys and schoolgirls throughout the empire, to antiquaries and researchers, to the universities of two continents, to our own undergraduates and those who try to teach them.

Moreover the catalogue says nothing of his work in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Dictionary of National Biography." Two of his text-books in particular are not of the manual type so familiar in many bookcases. They are models of what Freeman would have had text-books—little because their author by writing big books had acquired the prerogative duty of giving in two hundred matured pages the cream of a life's research, pages in which one feels crushed into an apparently careless epithet the years spent with the archives. "The Puritan Revolution," "The Thirty Years' War" are in the same series as Stubbs' "The Early Plantagenets" and they stand with it in a class by themselves, a warning and an example. Himself a teacher of prominent merit, Gardiner combined the sovereign gift of knowledge with a wonderful lucidity; to him too had been granted the saving grace of sympathy with ignorance and the desire to learn. For ten years he was editor-in-chief of "The English Historical Review," and Mr. Poole has recently expressed what the value of his unstinted services and wide experience was and what his retirement meant—"a loss for which there is no compensation."

We may deeply regret that Dr. Gardiner was not spared from routine work which any educated man could perform for work which he alone could do; that a magnificent sense of duty turned him aside for eighteen months

to destroy in his "Gunpowder Plot" an ingenious mare's-nest; but both were characteristic of the man, and if they robbed us of the concluding volume on Cromwell they spoke of that unconquerable homage to truth and duty, the unflagging and unique spirit of self-sacrifice, of which his career since he ceased to be a student at Christ Church was a continuous record, and was not the least of his titles to fame, though fame was the last thing he sought or even desired. His reputation as an historian must unquestionably be based permanently on his great History, and what a solid basis it is! The forty years of research, the impartiality and accuracy, the mastery of detail, without losing touch with the fierce and deep forces of human wills, the intellect and the spirit which mould an epoch and make a nation, have already received their due acknowledgment from those whose acknowledgment is worth winning. And beneath that Rhadamanthine dissection and marshalling of evidences, apparently defying solution, beneath the calm relentless effort to coax from the dead their secrets and the clue to them as they made it themselves, there pulses a warm appreciation of noble causes, high endeavor, lofty ideals, of the vanquished as for the victors, of all that was best and truest in Cavalier or Roundhead. "Energy under restraint" Gardiner summed up Gustavus Adolphus; his own history is the energy of a patriotic Englishman under the restraint of a mighty knowledge. His treatment of Ireland, the grave of so many political and historical reputations, was a triumph in itself, for who could infer from it his own political views? He had matured and strong convictions in politics, but he left them in the passage to his study, when he daily passed into the spacious realms of Strafford, Pym and Cromwell. History, Mark Pattison pronounced, can-

not be written from MSS. Gardiner's was a magnificent effort to prove the contrary. How many acres the MSS. would cover—English, French, German, Swedish, Dutch—how many tons the printed literature would weigh which he had sifted would be an appalling calculation. The work will probably never be done again, chiefly because Gardiner has made it unnecessary. In this he belongs to the school of Ranke and Droysen; hence when he spoke it was with an authority which one or two alone in Europe dared to question or qualify. It is not always granted even to the giants in knowledge to reverse the verdicts of a generation or to make a mental atmosphere of a past; but turn back to the year 1850 when Macaulay's judgments "had burned themselves into the heart of the people of England" and then mark in 1902 our estimate of the men and the measures, of the struggle and its meaning which began in 1603 and ended on 3d September at Whitehall. Many, no doubt, have assisted in the change, but if there is one man who by the appeal to the inexorable tribunal of truth, without a word that could wound or an epithet imputable to party passion, has taught two generations what Puritan England tried to be, the hopes and dreams, the failures and successes of its men and its women, what it was in all its weakness and all its matchless strength that man is Samuel Rawson Gardiner.

One word more. His Ford Lectures at Oxford on "Cromwell's Place in History," delivered as a man may talk, were a tour de force surpassing that of a famous speech of Lord Lyndhurst's in the House of Lords; it revealed to many what real analysis and synthesis of a complicated historical subject could mean, a lesson too in the art of lecturing and of applied knowledge not likely to be forgotten even by those who have heard Stubbs, Free-

man, Treitschke or Soul. Gardiner's extreme simplicity—*τὸ εὐθὺς οὐ τὸ γενναῖον πλάστον μετέχει*—his innate humility, his touching modesty, his willingness to listen even to the youngest neophyte recalled one of the greatest traits in Darwin's character. No one welcomed more eagerly corrections of his own deliberate conclusions; when, for example, Mr. Firth made discoveries which upset the narrative of two important battles, the readiest to acknowledge, as always, Mr. Firth's latest contribution to the knowledge of Cromwell was Gardiner. Of his kindness and encouragement public and private to younger workers in his own or any field of history, of his own "gratitude" to every fellow-student, let the pages of "The English Historical Review," his own prefaces, many letters and many conversations bear record. Of his

*The Saturday Review.*

whole-hearted devotion to whatever duties he had undertaken to perform, two Oxford colleges—Merton and All Souls—proud to reckon him on their register of Fellows will retain a grateful and permanent remembrance. We are already assured his History "will not live." Such verdicts are easily made and as easily contradicted—they may profitably be left to those who take pleasure therein. At any rate, to no few students of history a seeker after truth, and his influence on a great branch of scientific study may appear more valuable for his own generation even than his books may be to the next. That Gardiner lived for the truth and strove to give it the best expression of which he was capable, that like Green he "died learning" are the words which some of us most gladly have in our minds to-day.

*C. Grant Robertson.*

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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It was of Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the eminent historian whose death was recently recorded, that Mr. Frederic Harrison once said that he was the man who spent two years of the nineteenth century writing the history of one year of the seventeenth. But it was the painstaking accuracy thus attained which made Dr. Gardiner's historical works final and authoritative.

*Apropos* of the recent celebration of Mr. George Meredith's seventy-fifth birthday, "The Academy" recalls the fact that of the thirty "comrades in letters" who signed a letter of congratulation and admiration to Mr. Meredith on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, five are already dead—

the late Bishop of London, Mr. Myers, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Henry Sidgwick and Sir Walter Besant.

"Verba Crucis," the series of meditations by the Rev. T. Calvin McClelland which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish, is a devotional book of rare quality. Combining to an unusual degree fresh and stimulating practical suggestion with insight into the deeper needs of the soul and reverence for the transcendent mysteries, it will be found especially appropriate to the Lenten season. The carefully selected prayers which accompany the exposition increase its helpfulness. Printed at the Merrymount Press, in black-letter type, with illuminated initials, the little volume

is as satisfactory in externals as in content.

The many readers who felt in "Vagrom Verse" that natural spontaneous mingling of humor and tenderness which goes straight to the heart will welcome a second volume by Charles Henry Webb (John Paul). "With Lead and Line" includes too many poems of merely personal or occasional interest for the best popular effect, but it contains some verses which will rival those in the earlier volume. Especially noticeable are "Gran'ther's Gun," a reminiscence of the Lexington fight, and—in quite another vein—"Dum Vivimus Vigilemus." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In an earnest and readable volume entitled "The Hand of God in American History," Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson seeks to turn the minds of his readers from the secondary causes which usually engage the attention of historians to the thought of God's immediate agency in guiding the destinies of the American people. Beginning with the discovery of the continent and coming down to the problems of to-day, he points to evidences of providential aid and interposition. This is certainly a broad and inspiring view, and it should be reassuring to those who are sometimes tempted to ignore or forget the "increasing purpose" that runs through the ages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Mrs. Catherine Crowe's "The Night Side of Nature" made a great stir when it was first published nearly sixty years ago. Each age has its own ghosts, and the literature of the occult has multiplied so rapidly of late, and there are so many new things in the way of spiritual manifestations that Mrs. Crowe's ghostly figures may seem a bit antiquated, to some tastes. But the wide interest in psychic phenomena has led

Henry T. Coates & Co. to publish a new edition of her book, with an introduction by Thomas Jay Hudson, LL.D., who takes Mrs. Crowe with extreme gravity.

The recent death of Aubrey de Vere has recalled and set anew in circulation these playful lines which Tennyson once wrote in acceptance of a volume of Aubrey de Vere's poems:—

"Little Aubrey in the West! little Alfred in the East  
Accepts the songs you gave, and he sends you his salaam;  
And he prays that you may live. But as Earth her orbit runs,  
Little Homer, little Dante, little Shakespeare! can they last  
In the vast  
Of the rolling of the æons, of the changes of the suns?  
Little poet, hear the little poet's epigram!"

The view of the historical Christ which Annie Besant takes in her volume on "Esoteric Christianity" is that he was a glorious being belonging to the great spiritual hierarchy that guides the spiritual evolution of humanity, who used for three years the human body of the disciple Jesus. For something over fifty years after his physical departure, according to Mrs. Besant, he visited his disciples in his subtle spiritual body, training them in a knowledge of occult truths, they meanwhile remaining together, for the most part, in a retired spot on the outskirts of Judea. This is an account of the beginnings of Christianity somewhat widely variant from that usually accepted, but it furnishes Mrs. Besant a good point of departure for a detailed if not particularly illuminating exposition of what she calls the "lesser mysteries" of Christianity. John Lane, publisher.

## THE DRYAD'S HOUSE.

This cool and glooming summer wood  
Is wise and silent in its mood,

Forever moving in its dream  
Of breathing leaf and sunny gleam.

Whatever voice, within, is heard  
Of stir of leaf or whirl of bird;

Without its trance is ever one  
Of breathing, sleeping shade and sun.

The gleaming gold of summer fields  
Dreams through its green of leafy  
shields

And windows of the shining wind,  
With gray trunks looming dim behind,

Grotesque and ancient, all their peace  
The dreams of gods of olden Greece,—

As though in ages long ago,  
Before their dreams began to grow,

Some startled fleeing dryad hid  
Within this leafy coverlid;

Enmeshed her silvern reveries here,  
And filled its shadows with her fear:

And all the woodland mind inwrought  
With golden filigree of thought

And maiden fancies pensive spun,  
From purpled skeinings of the sun,

Woven on sunbeam-shuttled looms,  
Dim, luminous, of these leafy rooms.

*W. Wilfred Campbell.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE GREAT MISGIVING.

"Not ours," say some, "the thought of  
death to dread;

Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled  
hell;

Life is a feast, and we have banquet-  
ed—

Shall not the worms as well?

"The after-silence, when the feast is  
o'er,

And void the places where the min-  
strels stood,

Differs in nought from what hath gone  
before,

And is nor ill nor good."

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb  
sign—

The beckoning finger bidding me  
forego

The fellowship, the converse and the  
wine,

The songs, the festal glow!

And ah, to know not, while with  
friends I sit.

And while the purple joy is pass'd  
about,

Whether 'tis ampler day divineller lit  
Or homeless night without;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul  
shall see

New prospects, or fall sheer—a blind-  
ed thing!

There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,  
And there, O death, thy sting.

*William Watson.*

## SPIRITS.

Angel spirits of sleep,  
White-robed, with silver hair,  
In your meadows fair,  
Where the willows weep,  
And the sad moonbeam  
On the gliding stream  
Writes her scatter'd dream:

Angel spirits of sleep,  
Dancing to the weir  
In the hollow roar  
Of its waters deep;  
Know ye how men say  
That ye haunt no more  
Isle and grassy shore  
With your moonlit play;  
That ye dance not here,  
White-robed spirits of sleep,  
All the summer night,  
Threading dances light?

*Robert Bridges.*



